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A CENTURY OF RUSSIAN SONG FROM GLINKA TO*

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A CENTURY
OF RUSSIAN SONG

A Century of
Russian Song

from
GLINKA *to* RACHMANINOFF

Fifty Songs

Collected and edited by

KURT SCHINDLER

Being Vol. XVI of the Golden Treasury of Music



NEW YORK
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A Century of Russian Song

THIS collection of fifty Russian songs, ranging from old-master Glinka well nigh a century ago to present-day composers like Glazunoff and Rachmaninoff, is the first comprehensive anthology of its kind outside Russia, and means the opening of an almost entirely new repertoire for the English and American concert-hall and drawing-room. The collector of these songs hopes that those who read these direct and sincere utterances of a great nation may derive from them a pleasure equalling the delight which he himself has experienced during the years spent in collecting and selecting them. He also ventures to hope that others will follow his initiative, inasmuch as these songs are indeed a key to the understanding of Russia's great symphonic music, so familiar to our concert audiences, and to everything that is national and based on folk-lore.

About my leading principle in the selection of the songs, I want to state, that I have not tried to find the most beautiful ones—a very vague definition, regarding which every man would decide differently—nor the ones that I personally like best (in fact, the limitation of space excluded some of the well-known and still beautiful Rubinstein and Tschaikowsky favorites, that are already available in separate editions);—but I chose those songs that seemed to bring the most characteristic message to the world, that are the most direct expression of the Russian national character.

Until about ten years ago Russian music had been identified chiefly with Tschaikowsky's music. Besides Glinka's operas, which were intermittently taken up in non-Russian opera houses, and Rubinstein's music, which arose and to a great extent vanished with the brilliant meteoric career of this virtuoso-genius, no Russian music came into prominence on the international market before Tschaikowsky; yet it was not the national element in him, not his operas and ballets, and early symphonies deeply rooted in racial feeling, that appealed to foreign nations, but it was the later Tschaikowsky, the polished, cosmopolitan, aristocratic musician, that captivated everywhere. Strongly perfumed, highly seasoned music, which dazzled and agitated the senses, appealed to the emotions, and seemed a particularly characteristic expression of our modern nervous times (before R. Strauss offset it, of course).

Symphonic conductors who were in touch and sympathy with Russian music persevered
22724

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here and there in introducing works by Balakirew, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Glazunoff; some concert singers included in their repertoire romances by Cui, Borodine, Arensky;—yet it remained for the discriminating musicians and the sympathetic understanding of the public of Paris, in the past five years, to discover that Russia's greatest musician, the greatest musical individuality this Slavic nation has possessed, Modest Petrovitch Moussorgsky, had lived and died in misery some twenty-five years ago, unknown to the outer world, yet leaving a marvellous bequest to his nation and to the world,—compositions so strikingly new and original, that they seem to rank ahead of the most modern living composers, and which it would take generations thoroughly to absorb and appreciate. Claude Debussy and Alfred Bruneau have testified to his glory, Raoul Pugno has enlisted his noble enthusiasm in his cause, and a Russian admirer of his, Mme. Olénine d'Alheim, has given years of self-sacrificing effort to propagating Moussorgsky's music by lecture-recitals in France and Belgium and by books and pamphlets; with the result that nowadays scarcely a song-recital in Paris or London is given without some of Moussorgsky's music, and that New York is fast following on the trail. The lavish production of his opera "Boris Godounow" in Paris in 1908 by Serge de Diaghileff and Gabriel Astruc, with Th. Chaliapine in the title-rôle, has meant a complete victory for his genius, and most of the European opera houses have included this work of almost Shakespearian breadth and tragedy in their repertoires.

When Sergei Rachmaninoff toured America in 1909–10 as a pianist, this occasion was seized by a few singers to introduce his songs. He, of all living Russian composers, seemed the one most truly gifted in the domain of song. The spirit of the Russian landscape, its delicate fragrance, its vast and melancholy immensity, speak from the pages we have collected.

Glinka, the founder of Russian art-music, who with single-handed effort wakened the dormant elements of Russian folk-lore, elevating them to an artistic standard, and who at once established the national Russian school with all its characteristics of rhythm, harmony, and instrumentation, is represented by celebrated arias from his two best-known operas, music that is closely related to the contemporaneous German music of Weber and Marschner, but which nevertheless speaks its own idiom distinctly and forcibly.

Glinka's and Dargomijsky's ballads represent the period of romanticism in Russian music; they are elegiac, despairing, sentimental; they were written to move hearers to tears, and they did so unfailingly. Wonderful is the atmosphere of the Russian salons of 1840–50, that these

ballads exhale: young men with romantic, lofty ideas; hypersensitive, *schwärmische* ladies; desperate passions and infinite longing. All the *milieu* of Eugene Onegin, of which Pushkin and Tschaikowsky sang.—It is strange to see how the styles of Beethoven and Schubert become amalgamated with Russian melodic strains, and with what appealing results, as in Dargomijsky's Elegy (on a Moonlight-Sonata accompaniment), or in his "Prisoner in Siberia," who apostrophizes the "heavenly clouds" that are banished and homeless like himself.

Among the many songs of Rubinstein that would have been worthy to enter this collection, we felt it most important to call the attention of singers and public again to his "Persian Songs," those strange exotic blossoms, full of the sensuous charm and vivid imagination of the Arabian Nights, that he, being of oriental descent, was able to give posterity. These songs are so graceful and dainty, and so beautifully written for the voice, that the world is bound to take them up again.

Borodine, though born earlier than Tschaikowsky, Cui, and Balakirew, represents more fully the ultra-modern type of musical Russia. He was never a professional musician, and his music always breathes the spirit of aristocratic leisure, refined surroundings, and cultivated city life. Songs like the iridescent "Sea Queen," the strange-scented "Flowers of Love," the mysterious "Sleeping Princess," the short and poignant "Dissonance," show a marvellous sense for coloristic effects, which he produced by an harmonic scheme very similar to what is now called "Debussyism," but a method that he invented and practised long before Debussy.

In his "Song of the Dark Forest" Borodine has gone back to melodic and rhythmic traditions of early mediæval Russian music (as preserved in some of Russia's old weird folksongs), the effect of a bard reciting a ballad being brought out with stirring and overpowering force.

Many songs of Cui and Balakirew might have been included, but their message did not seem so important or characteristic, nothing that the other composers had not better expressed or more strongly; so the former is represented only by the deliciously humorous "Poet and Critic" disguised as Cuckoo and Nightingale, the latter by his song "Oh, come to me," most popular in Russia, but little known elsewhere, a melody of such sweet charm, that no one having heard it can escape its haunting loveliness.

More than one-half of this book is devoted to the music of Moussorgsky, Tschaikowsky, and Rimsky-Korsakoff, fitly termed Russia's three greatest song-writers.

A Century of Russian Song

Of the younger generation that followed them, none has yet reached the heights attained by them. Arensky, well known by his piano-compositions, never rises beyond a certain salon-atmosphere in his songs. Glazunoff has given his best in symphonic compositions of rather characteristic tendencies. Their two songs here included, "Little Fish's Song" and "Nereid," are respectively characteristic in their limpid charm and graceful melodious contours.

Among Tschaikowsky's well-known songs, it was a question of selecting some hidden beauties that seem worthy of becoming universal property. How charming is the sketch called "Evening," that evokes the picture of Little Russian hillsides so irresistibly, such a sweet, fragrant country picture, that is in music what Gogol's landscape-descriptions in his novels are to poetry. His weird oriental "Canary-Song" evokes the exotic splendors, the palms and mosques of the far-off east; and the simple folk-tune like "Legend," so poignant and appealing, more simple than Massenet's complicated "Legend of the Sage-brush;" and that setting of Tolstoy, "At the Ball," which has moved and will continue to move audiences to tears.

Rimsky-Korsakoff, the prolific opera-composer and gentle-hearted old wizard, who lived long enough to see his fame spread over the entire world, and who was feasted like a king of music when he came to Paris a year before his death (1908), was more fortunate than his comrade and bosom-friend Moussorgsky. These two composers made common cause in seeking and systematically gathering the treasures of Russian folk-song. But while Rimsky-Korsakoff shaped his music after the pattern of folk-song in a somewhat philistine, schoolmasterly way, Moussorgsky, who went into the subject heart and soul, was so imbued and identified with the national expression, that his songs seem almost the emanations of the entire race standing behind him.

Of Rimsky we give three early songs (1866-67), the "Southern Night," the weird "Hebrew Love-Song," and the melancholy "Georgian Hills," which are much in the same class as Borodine's songs; and three airs from his highly colored fairy opera "Snegourotchka" (Little Snowflake), full of innocent charm and dainty rhythms.

I should have liked to give all Moussorgsky's work, but in the choice of eleven songs I hope to have shown him in his most characteristic aspect. Two cradle-songs of his are like two gems in this selection. Not being content with a rocking, lilting accompaniment and a sweet, floating melody, he draws the interior of a peasant's hut, the mother with infinite tenderness bending over her child, dreaming of its future; he makes us hear the

mother's sigh, the infant's breathing, the ticking of the large clock; we feel the loneliness of it all. Marvellous pictures these two, of which the "Peasant Cradle-Song" must have been particularly dear to the composer, since he inscribed it to the memory of his mother. Here he finds for the angelic vision at the end harmonies of purple and gold, and draws melodies of mediæval Byzantine outlines.

Martha's song, from his last opera, "Khovanstchina," is an original folk-song, which he frames from verse to verse in a new and richer accompaniment. The "Divination by Water" from the same work is an extremely powerful composition, the opening "Invocation of the Spirits" being of almost ghastly and hypnotic effect. And now the vast loneliness, the desperate banishment of Siberia looms up from the throbbing of the downcast and muttered final phrases.

There is much sadness, much melancholy in Moussorgsky's music, as there is in all Russian poets and book-writers—Turgenieff, Dostojewsky, Tolstoy; just as any great art, being sincere, must mirror the true state of a nation. But in all art, I know of little that can be compared to Moussorgsky's "By the Water," from his song-cycle "Where no Sun Shines," in its mysterious fatality, its "Hamletian" meditation over the deepest riddle of life. It is not surprising that this composer, who in his music was wont to knock at the very gates of death, should have adopted the inspiration of his poet-friend Count Golenitchew-Koutouzow to write a cycle of Death-dances according to the conception of Holbein. Of these four song-paintings we present "Death and the Peasant" (Trepak), written on the weird rhythms of the Russian peasant-dance. Strange is the Epilogue to this song, which makes us realize the majestic indifference of nature to the misery of the individual. The poor peasant lies frozen under the snow, but the sun shines again, spring comes into the land, changing the rigid ice-fields to laughing rivulets and pools, and the merry lark soars to heavenly heights, singing its pæan of happiness.

A different peasant-dance is the "Hopak," which irresistibly draws us into its whirl, and makes us acquainted with a savage Russian sister of Carmen. "The Siege of Kazan," a ballad inserted in the opera "Boris Godounow," gives us a wild picture of mediæval Cossack-life, surely inspired by Gogol's master-novel, "Taras Bulba." The "Oriental Chant," which figures in his short Joshua-Cantata as a middle movement for solo contralto, is a strain that he caught from the lips of the Jewish peasant-people, most characteristic in its wailing and plaintive melody.

A Century of Russian Song

Not the least important among the wide and diverse fields of Moussorgsky's compositions are his nursery-songs, of which we quote that dainty little sketch called "Child's Song," comparing a child to a blossom, and "The Beetle," telling of a child who, playing in the garden, comes face to face with the problem of a beetle's death.

A fitting *envoi* to this collection is Rachmaninoff's setting of Tolstoy's "Billowy Harvest-field." May the golden grains of these Russian sheaves fall into fertile soil, and be reaped in a manifold harvest.

In order to facilitate the recital of these songs in English-speaking countries, especial care has been bestowed by Mr. Henry G. Chapman and others on the translations, which not only cover the poetical idea of the originals, but also closely follow the trend of the music. Fifty new songs, of undoubted value, should afford ample opportunity to promote the introduction of standard music in the English language. There is every reason that English-speaking countries should take up these songs in their own language instead of in exotic translations.

KURT SCHINDLER

May 30, 1911

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A CENTURY
OF RUSSIAN SONG

"Ah, kindly star"

„Du trauter Stern“

Cavatine from the opera "Russian and Ludmilla"

(after Pushkin)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Michail Ivanovitch Glinka
(1804 - 1857)

Voice Allegretto agitato *f con forza* *vibrato*

Ah, kind - ly star, hide not thy face Be - hind the
Du trau - ter Stern in dunk - ler Nacht, ver - hül - le

dolce, con anima

shades of night from me! Oh Rat - mir, still thy mis - tress waits, And
nicht dein strah-lend Bild! O Rat - mir, dei - ne Freun - din wacht, ihr -

p *ppp*

all - her heart is filled with thee! Oh Rat - mir, still thy
Sin - nen nur von dir er - füllt, o Rat - mir, dei - ne

mis - tress waits, And all her heart is filled with
 Freun - din wacht, ihr Sin - nen nur von dir er -

con passione

thee! For thee I long! come back to me! On thee my thoughts
 füllt! Ich har-re dein! o kehr zu - rück! ich den - ke dein -

pp

— for ev - er dwell, My hope is all in thee! For thee I
 — zu al - len Stun - den, bei dir ist all mein Glück. Ich har - re

p

long! come back to me! On thee my thoughts for ev - er
 dein! o kehr zu - rück! ich den - ke dein zu je - der

dwell, for ev - - er dwell!
Stund', zu je - der Stund'!

For thee I
Ich har - re

long! come back to me! On thee my
dein! o kehr zu - rück! ich den - - ke

thoughts for ev - er dwell. For thee I long, from hour to
dein zu je - der Stund', ich har - re dein zu je - der

hour, On thee my thoughts for ev - er dwell! When in
Stund', ich har - re dein zu je - der Stund - de,

thou art near me, I am well, when
dei - ner Näh' ge - sun - de ich, in

ppp

dim.

thou art near me, I am well; Oh Rat - mir,
dei - ner Näh' ge - sun - de ich. O Rat - mir,

pp

still thy mis - tress waits, And all her heart is filled with
dei - ne Freun - din wacht, ihr Sin - nen nur von dir - er -

marcato un poco

thee! Oh Rat - mir, still thy mis - tress waits, And all her
füllt, o Rat - mir, dei - ne Freun - din wacht, ihr Sin - nen

heart is filled with thee! For thee I long! come back to me!
 nur von dir er - füllt! Ich har - re dein! o kehr zu - rück!

dolce pp

On thee my thoughts for ev - er dwell, My hope is all in
 ich den - ke dein zu al - len Stun - den, bei dir ist all mein

thee. For thee I long! come back to me! On thee my
 Glück. Ich har - re dein! o kehr zu - rück! ich den - ke

thoughts for ev - er dwell, for ev - - er dwell! 'Twas
 dein zu je - der Stund', zu je - - der Stund'. In

in — thine arms I found pro - tec - tion, When I for - sook my
dei - nen Ar - men fand ich Frie - den, als ich ver - liess das

fa - ther's home. Ah, what to me is life with - out thee? Be -
Va - ter - haus; das Le - ben, ach! was ist's hie - nie - den, ge -

lov - ed Rat - mir, wilt not come? Come back to me! Come back to
lieb - ter Rat - mir, oh - ne dich! O kehr zu - rück! o kehr zu -

me!
rück!

Ah, what is life to me with - -
das Le - ben, ach! was ist's hie - -

out _____ thee? Be - lov - ed Rat - - mir, wilt not
 nie - - - den, ge - lieb - ter Rat - - mir, oh - ne

come? Come back _____ to
 dich! O kehr _____ zu - -

me! Come back to me!
 rück! o kehr zu - rück!

dim.

"How sweet it is when I'm with you!"

„Wie süß ist's, kann bei Dir ich sein“

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Michaïl Ivanovitch Glinka
(1804-1857)

Allegro moderato

dolciss.

Voice

How sweet it is
Wie süß ist's, kann

when I'm with you And si - lent - ly lose ev-'ry feel - - ing Deep,
bei Dir ich sein und still die Ge - dan - ken ver - sen - - ken in's

deep in your eyes _____ so blue! The joy of the
Blau' Dei - ner Au - - gen recht tief. Die Lei - den der

heart, and its pain, Will oft in the eyes find ex-pression When
See - le, die Gluth, sie drü - cken sich aus in dem Au-ge, wie's

words might be spok - en in vain; My heart al - ways
Wort es doch nim - mer - mehr that. Mein Herz es er -

a piacere
trem-bles in si - - lenceWhen I am with you!
be - bet im Stil - - len, so - bald ich Dich seh!
colla voce

a tempo *pp*

p

dolciss.

How dear is the sight of your face, I
Dein An - blick, wie lieb ist er mir, ich

p

watch for your smile with e - mo - - - tion, You
se - he Dein Lä - cheln mit Won - - - ne und

seem to em - bod - - - y all grace; No
An - - muth ver - kör - - - pert in Dir. Nicht

b

aid or as - - sis - tance I'd lend To love and its
möch - te ich lei - sten Ge - währ dem Dran - ge der

trou - ble - some pas - sion,
glü - hen - den See - le,

Dis - - - - cre - - tion I'll
Ver - - - - nunft ich ihm

take for a friend,
setz - te zur Wehr....

But love runs a - - way with dis -
Doch folgt nicht das Herz dem Ver -

a piacere

cre - - tion When I am with you.
stan - - de, so - bald ich Dich seh!

colla voce

a tempo

pp

dolciss.

And so like a won - der - ful star You
 Als wun - der - bar leuch - ten - der Stern er -

p

shine and my life you en - light - - - en, And
 schienst Du, mein Le - ben er - hel - - - lend und

ra - - - di - ance shed from a - far; So
 leuch - - test mir fort aus der Fern'. So

b

send an en - - cour - ag - ing beam To one un - - ac - -
 schein' denn und wei - se die Bahn dem, der nicht ver -

cus - tom'd to for - tune, Who'd looked up - - on
 wöhnt war vom Glü - cke, dem Hoff - nung ge - -

hope as a dream; And al - ways my heart — will
 schie - nen nur Wahn und Won - ne er - ful - let die

a piacere
 bright - en While I am with you.
 See - - le, so - bald ich Dich seh!

colla voce *a tempo* *pp*

p

A Life for the Czar

(1836)

Aria of Soussanine

Words by Baron Rosen
English version by
Henry G. Chapman

"The truth is suspected"

Michaïl Ivanovitch Glinka
(1804-1857)Adagio non tanto ($\text{♩} = 60$)

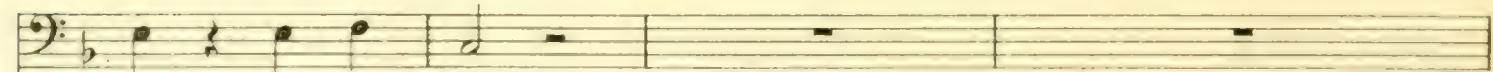
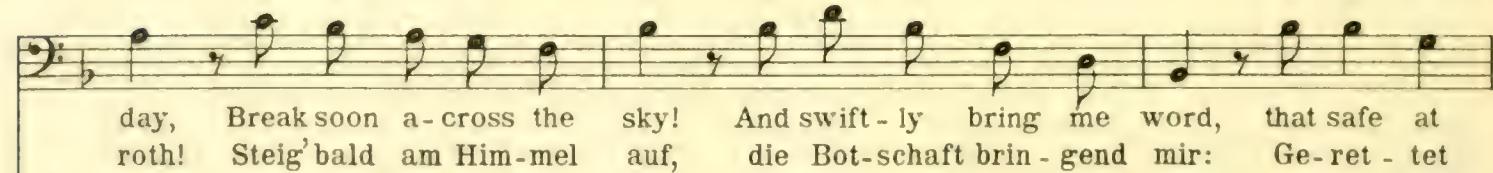
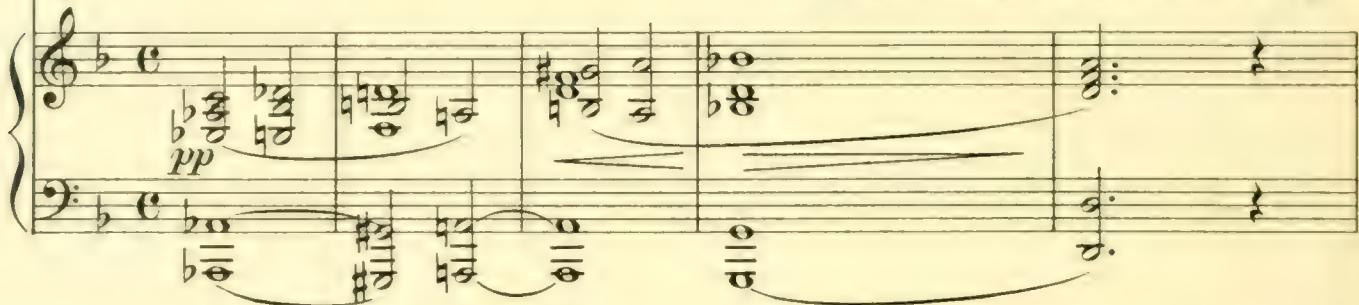
Recitativo. Maestoso

Voice

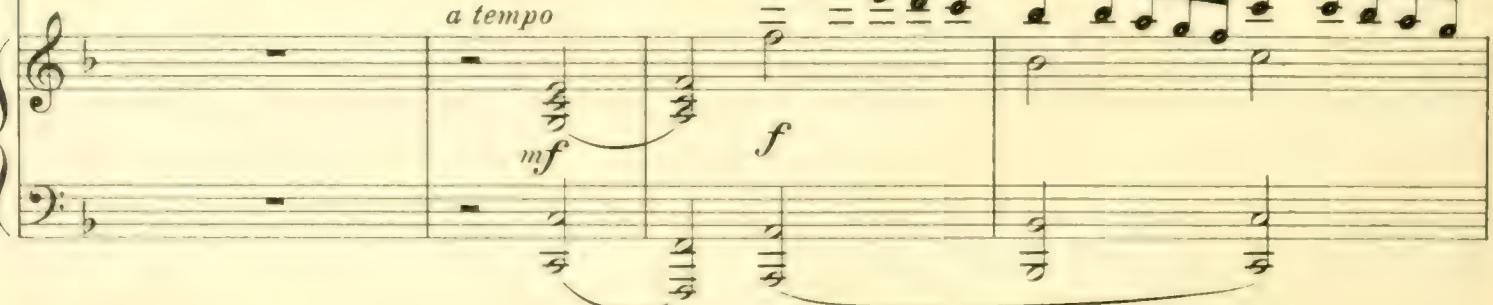


The truth is sus - pect-ed! Light of
Sie ah - nen die Wahr-heit! Mor-gen-

Piano



sei un - ser Zar!

a tempo

p cantabile spianato ed espressivo

When the day shall
Brichst du an, o —

p

pp

assai

break a - gain, 'Twill be the last time I Shall -
Mor - gen - roth, dann seh' zum letz - ten Mal ich -

see the sun on high;
dei - nen hol - den Strahl,

For death a - waits me then!
dann war - tet mein der Tod!

O — God, when a - go - ny,
O — Gott! in all der Qual

When tor-ture threat-ens me, Have
die mir die Mar - ter droht, er -

mer - - cy — on — my — pain! What an - - - - - guish -
barm' dich mei - ner Noth! O wel - - - - - cher -

deep — and — dumb O'er my poor heart doth come, When
tie fe Schmerz durch-bohrt mein ar - - mes Herz, ge -

I re - call my home! Ah, what a fate that -
denk' ich hei - math - wärts! O wel - che schwe - re -

P dim.
I Here all a lone must die!
Pein, zu ster - - ben so ten. al - - lein!

ten. ten. ten. ten. ten. ten. ten. ten.

dim.

pp

mf

When _ the day shall break a - gain, 'Twill be _____ the last_ time
Brichst du an, o — Mor - - gen-roth, dann seh' _____ zum letz - ten_

p

I Shall see the sun on high, For
Mal ich_ dei - - nen hol - - den Strahl, dann

death a - waits me____ then! Oh, aw - - ful fate! Oh, mis - er -
war - - tet mein der____ Tod! O har - - tes Loos! O bitt' - - res

f

A musical score page featuring a vocal part in bass clef and a piano accompaniment. The vocal part has lyrics in English and German. The piano part consists of two staves, with dynamic markings like f and pp. The vocal line includes a melodic line with a grace note and a sustained note.

and make me strong! Forsake me not, O God!
in mei - ner Noth! Ver-lass mich nicht, o Gott!

colla parte

riten. assai

a tempo

Heavenly Clouds

(M. Lermontoff)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman
and Vera Johnston

A. Dargomijsky

Andante

Voice

Cloud - lets, ye

Piano

heav'n - - ly clouds, Rest - - less-ly wan-d'ring free!

dolce > con forza >

High - in yon a - - zure sky - On - - pearl-y wings - ye fly;

dolce

On - - ward ye has - - - ten, For ban - ished you are, like

p

f

ad lib. *ten.*

me; Driv'n from your dear northern home, To the south _____ ye

p

come! Tell me, who ban - - - ished

p

you? Or fate: _____ is it fate ye - fear?

dolce

False friendship's treach - er - y? Hate's o - pen

dolce

en - - mi - ty? Or in some crim - - - i - nal

deed have ye had a share, Or are ye vic - tims of poi - son - ous

dolce e ad lib.

cal - um - ny?

22724

Allegro

ritenuto

Nay, on - ly tired of wide bleak, bar-ren plains are ye,

Ye ..

*p**ritenuto*

know not pas - - sion! Sor - - rows

a tempo

ad lib. *a tempo* *dolce*
 are to you un - known; Cold, ev-er cold are ye,

*a tempo**ff colla voce**mf**p*

con forza *dolce*
 Free ev-er - last-ing - ly; No land is home to you, No ..

*più f**p*

>

>

>

>

>

>

>

>

con forza

land can ban - - ish you,
No land is home to you,

No land can ban - - ish you, no land can ban - - ish -

you, no land can ban - - ish you, no land -

ten.

— can ban - ish you! ah!

ff

"Ye dear, fleeting hours"

„Ihr flüchtigen Stunden“

Elegie

(D. Davúidoff)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

German words by Bruno

Alexander Sergievitch Dargomijsky

Adagio

Voice

Piano

dear, fleet - ing hours full of joy, yet how
flüch - ti - gen Stun - den voll himm - li - schen

brief! Glück, I wie think denk' of ich you now in
Glück, wie denk' of ich an euch in

sor - - - row and grief. How glad were mine
 Weh - - - muth und Lust. Wie schaut' ich einst

dim. *p* *ff* *p*

eyes with the plea - - - sure of
 fröh - - - lich, so trun - - - ke - - nen

cresc.

see - - ing, how glad mine eyes with the
 Bli - - ckes, wie schaut' ich fröh - - lich, so

f *ff* *p*

plea - - sure of see - - ing, How
 trun - - ke - - nen Bli - - ckes, wie

pp

Ad.

high beat my heart— for joy in my breast! for joy in my breast! Now
hob sich vor Won - ne und Freu - de die Brust, vor Won - ne die Brust! Nun

p

sf

f

speech-less and still in-to dark - ness I stare,— No star lights my way, My
star - re ich stumm in's Dun - kel hin-ab,— kein Stern-lein er-hellt, er -

f

dim.

p

heart lies in sor-row! No star lights my way, No star sends a ray To
hel - let, er-hel-let, kein Stern - lein er-hellt, kein Stern-lein er - hellt, er -

cresc.

f

light - en my way, My heart lies in sor - row, No star lights my
hellt mei - nen Pfad, nur Thrä - nen al-lein sind's, nur Thrä - - nen al -

cresc.

way, My heart lies in sor - - - row, my heart lies in
lein, und mein Herz ist so trau - - - rig, so trau - - rig, so

f > > *mf*

sor - - - - rig row!
trau - - - - rig matt!

p > *pp*

Only Love!

Nur lieben!

Song

(D. Davuidoff)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Alexander Sergievitch Dargomijsky

(1856)

Allegretto

Voice

Oh, I love thee so, mad-ly,
Wie ich lie-be dich, glü-hend

Piano

wild-ly, dear, And to thee a - lone_ is my heart's de-sire, That is
heiss und wild, all' mein Seh-nen ist stets nur dir ge-weiht, und doch

rall.
ne'er ap-peased, so I great-ly fear, That for ver-y pain I may
wird es nim-mer in mir ge-stillt, und ich muss ver-geh'n, ach in

p

rall.

well ex-pire!
 Schmerz und Leid. *a tempo*
 All my
 Sieh' mich

peace is gone, since my sad mis-chance; Tho' thou be not near, still I
 gram-er - füllt, oh - ne Ruh' und Glück, im - mer den-kend dein, ob auch

f *p*

think of thee; Just a lit - tle word, just a sin - gle glance From thy
 fer - ne dir. Drum nur ei - nen Gruss, ach, nur ei - nen Blick aus dem

cresc.

ten - der eyes_ sweet-ly send to me; Just a sin - gle glance, just a
 sanf-ten Aug'_ sen - de freundlich mir, ach nur ei - nen Blick, ach, nur

rall. *rall.*

risoluto

sin - gle glance!
ei - nen Blick!

Tho' this
Die - se

a tempo

love of mine_ so dis - as-trous be, That its cru - el pain soon my
Lieb' zu dir, — ach, so schmerzen-reich, weiht er - bar - men-los bald dem

death must prove, Yet, O dear-est child, Saint in pu - ri - ty, Yet I
To - de mich. Und doch, sü - sses Kind, hold und en - gel-gleich, kann nicht

*dim.**p**rall.*

hate thee not, I can on - ly love,
has - sen, nein, kann nur lie - ben dich,

I can on - ly love!
kann nur lie - ben dich!

*rall.**f*

“Be not so coy, my pretty maid”

„Thu' nicht so spröde, schönes Kind“

(Mirza-Schaffy)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

German words by F. Bodenstedt

Anton Rubinstein. Op. 34, № 11

Con moto

Be not so_ coy, my
Thu' nicht so_ sprö - de,

Piano {
 p

pret - ty_ maid, When in_ the_ dusk I pass_ thy
schö - nes_ Kind, wenn ich_ noch spät vor - ü - ber

door,___ And hav - ing a soft white hand way - laid,___ A
geh'___ und fas - se dein wei - ches Händ - chen lind,___ und

sin - - gle, fur - - tive kiss im - plore,
heim - - lich ei - - nen Kuss er - - fleh'



one sin - - gle, fur - - tive
und heim - - lich ei - - nen

kiss im - plore.
Kuss er - - fleh'

I, who such
Der dir so -

court - ly hom - age pay, Whose love in per - fect
schö - ne Hul - di - - gung ge - bracht in rei - nem

hon - - or stands, Should not for par - - don -
Lie - - bes - schmuck, der braucht wohl nicht Ent -

need to pray Just for a kiss - or touch of
schul - - di - - gung für ei - nen Kuss - und Hän - de -

hands,
druck,

just for a kiss — or touch — of — hands.
 für ei - nen Kuss — und Hän - - de - druck.

Now ev - 'ry — kiss I take from
 Es wird ein_ je - - der Kuss von_

thee — In sing - - ing — songs my lips — shall use,
 dir — ein klin - - gend Lied in mei - nem Mund,

And when I press thy_ hands 'twill be _____ But for an -
 und je - der Hän - de - druck giebt mir _____ zu ei - nem

oth - er kiss ex - cuse,
 neu - en Kus - se Grund,

but for an - oth - er kiss ex -
 zu ei - nem neu - en Kus - - se -

cuse.
 Grund.

"When I see those little feet of thine"

„Seh' ich deine kleinen Füßchen an“

German words by F. Bodenstedt
English version by
Henry G. Chapman

(Mirza - Schaffy)

Anton Rubinstein. Op. 34, N° 3

Voice Con moto

When I see those lit - tle feet of thine,
Seh' ich dei - ne klei - nen Füß - chen an,

Piano

I can scarce be - lieve, my pret - ty maid - en,— That so much of beau - ty
so be - greif' ich nicht, mein sü - sses Mäd - chen,— wie— sie so viel Schön - heit

they— can car - ry,— So— much, so much— beau - ty.
tra - gen kön - nen,— so— viel, so viel— Schön - heit;

When I see those slen - der hands of thine, I can scarce be - lieve, my
 Seh' ich dei - ne klei - nen Händ - chen an, so be - greif' ich nicht, du

mf

pret - ty maid - en, — That such cru - el blows they can de - liv - er, —
 sü - sses Mäd - chen, — wie sie sol - che Wun - den schla - gen kön - nen,

p

Cru - el blows can de - liv - er. When I see those ros - y
 sol - che, sol - che Wun - den; Seh' ich dei - ne ros' - gen

mf

lips of thine, I can scarce be - lieve, my pret - ty maid - en, —
 Lip - pen an, so be - greif' ich nicht, du sü - sses Mäd - chen, —

How one lit - tle kiss they can re - fuse me,— How re-fuse one kiss.
wie sie ei - nen Kuss ver - sa - gen kön - nen,— ei - nen Kuss, ei - nen Kuss.

When I see those know - ing eyes of thine, I can scarce be - lieve, my
Seh' ich dei - ne klu - gen Au - gen an, so be - greif' ich nicht, du

pret - ty maid - en,— How for still more love they should be ask - ing
sü - sses Mäd - chen,— wie sie nach mehr Lie - be fra - gen kön - nen,

Than I give thee: Ah, be kind to me!
als ich füh - le. Sieh' mich gnä - dig an!

rit.

rit.

Warm - er heart than mine, my pret - ty maid-en,___ Ne'er will beat for
 Wär - mer als mein___ Herz, du sü - sses Mäd - chen,___ wird kein Men - schen -

p

thee in mor - tal bo - som; Hear the song of love I give to
 herz dir schla - gen kön - nen; Hör' dies won - ne - volle Lied - chen

ad lib. *rit.*

f rit. colla voce

a tempo

thee! Sweet - er than my lips, my pret-ty maid-en,___ No oth - er
 an! Schö - ner als mein Mund, du sü - sses Mäd - chen, wird kein Mund

a tempo

p

lip - of - their love will tell thee.
 dir Lie - be kla - gen kön - nen.

p

"Not with angels"

German words by F. Bodenstedt

English version by

Henry G. Chapman

„Nicht mit Engeln“

(Mirza-Schaffy)

Anton Rubinstein. Op. 34, N° 1

Allegretto

Piano



Andante

Not with an - gels in heav-en's vault so blue, Not with ros - es
 Nicht mit En - geln im blau - en Him - mels - zelt, nicht mit Ro - sen



in flow - 'ry meads that grew,
 — im duf - ti - gen Blu - men - feld,

Not — with th'e - ter -
 selbst — mit der e -



- nal sun - light there, Not with the - ter - - nal sun - light
 - wi - gen Son - ne Licht, - selbst mit der e - - - wi - gen Son - ne

there,
 Licht

Will I my Zu - lei -
 ver - gleich' ich Zu - lei -

- - - - - ka, my lass, com -
 - - - - - kha, mein Mäd - chen,

pare.
 nicht.

Allegretto

Musical score for piano and voice. The piano part consists of three staves: treble, bass, and bass. The vocal part is in soprano clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The tempo is Allegretto.

Continuation of the musical score. The piano part shows a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal part begins with a sustained note followed by eighth-note patterns. A ritardando (rit.) is indicated in the piano part.

Andante

Continuation of the musical score. The vocal part begins with a melodic line featuring eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of sustained notes and chords. The vocal line continues with a lyrical melody.

For an an - gel's heart is love-less and for - lorn, On the rose grows
Denn der En - gel Bu - - sen ist lie - be - leer, un - ter Ro - sen -

Continuation of the musical score. The piano part features sustained notes and chords. The vocal part continues with a melodic line.

— man-y a dan - grous thorn,
— dro-hen die Dor - nen her,

And the sun at night
und die Son - ne -

Continuation of the musical score. The piano part features sustained notes and chords. The vocal part continues with a melodic line.

for - gets to shine,— and the sun at night,— at night for-gets to
ver-hüllt des Nachts ihr Licht,— und die Son - ne ver-hüllt des Nachts ihr

shine,
Licht;

They none com - pare
sie al - - le glei - -

with Zu - lei - ka
- - - - - chen Zu - lei - kha

mine.
nicht.

Allegretto

Musical score for piano and voice. The score consists of two systems of music. The top system shows the treble and bass staves for the piano, with a dynamic marking 'p' over the bass staff. The bottom system shows the treble and bass staves for the voice. The vocal line consists of eighth-note chords.

Continuation of the musical score from the previous system. The piano part continues with eighth-note chords. The vocal part begins with a sustained note on the first beat of the second measure, followed by eighth-note chords.

Andante

Continuation of the musical score. The piano part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. The vocal line begins with a melodic line consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes, followed by sustained notes and chords.

Naught the eye can see in the world a - round, To lik - en to my -
Nichts fin - den, so weit das Welt - all reicht, die Bli - - cke,

Continuation of the musical score. The piano part continues with sustained notes and chords. The vocal line begins with a melodic line consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes, followed by sustained notes and chords.

Zu - lei - ka can e'er be found; Sweet, thorn - less,
—was mei - ner Zu - lei - kha gleicht, schön, —dorn - los,

— and full of love - light rare, — sweet, — thorn - less, — and full of love - light
 — voll ew' - gem Lie - bes - schein, — schön, — dorn - los, — voll ew' - gem Lie - bes -

rare,
schein, There's naught_ but her - self_____
kann sie____ mit sich selbst_____

doth with her_____ com-
nur ver - gli - - - - chen

pare.
sein.

"My heart all beauty takes from thee"

German words by F. Bodenstedt
English version by
Henry G. Chapman

"Mein Herz schmückt sich mit dir"

(Mirza-Schaffy)

Anton Rubinstein. Op. 34, N° 2

Piano

Con moto

My
Mein

heart all beau - ty takes from thee, As heav - en from the sun its light, My
Herz schmückt sich mit dir, wie sich der Him - mel mit der Son - ne schmückt, mein

heart all beau - ty takes from thee, As heav - en from the sun its
Herz schmückt sich mit dir, wie sich der Him - mel mit der Son - ne

light; Thou art its glo - ry, and 'twould be Lost, but for
schmückt; du giebst ihm Glanz, und oh - ne dich bleibt es in

thee, in end - less night; Thou art its glo - ry and 'twould be Lost, but for
dunk - le Nacht ent - rückt, du giebst ihm Glanz, und oh - ne dich bleibt es in

thee, in end - less night.
dunk - le Nacht ent - rückt.

Ah!
Ah!

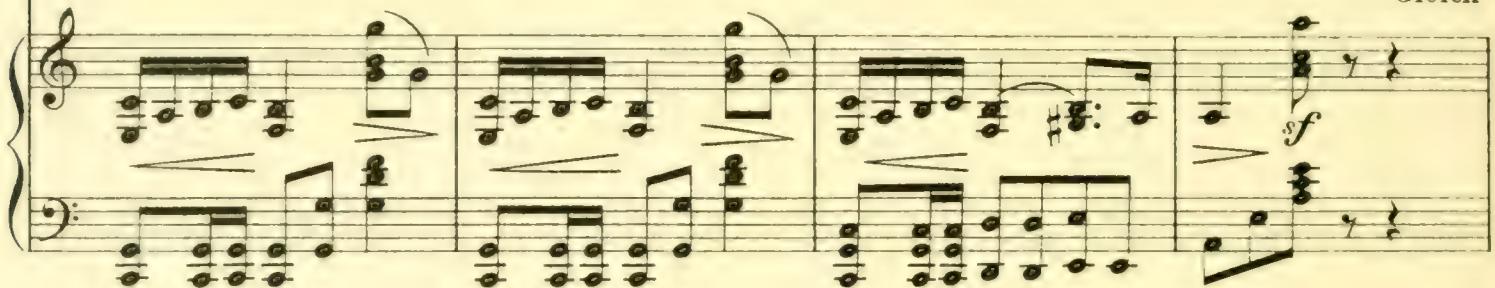
Ah!
Ah!

dim.

p



And
Gleich



e - ven so the world con-ceals Her face when dark-ness falls a - while, And
wie die Welt all ih - re Pracht ver - hüllt, wenn Dun - kel sie um-fliesst, gleich

p

e - ven so the world con-ceals Her face when dark - ness falls a -
wie die Welt all ih - re Pracht ver - hüllt, wenn Dun - kel sie um -

while, And on - ly all her grace re - veals, When once a -
 fliest, und nur, wenn ihr die Son - - ne lacht, zeigt, was sie

gain her sun will smile, And on - ly all her grace re - veals, When once a -
 Schö - nes in sich schliesst, und nur, wenn ihr die Son - - ne lacht, zeigt, was sie

gain her sun will smile.
 Schö - nes in sich schliesst.

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

dim.

p

"I feel thy breath blow round me"

„Ich fühle deinen Odem“

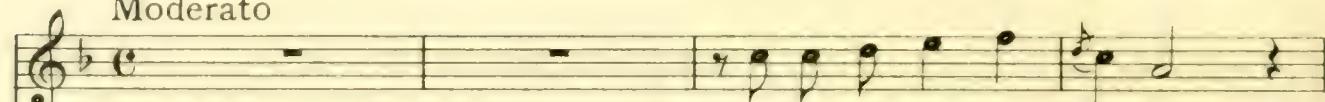
(Mirza-Schaffy)

German words by F. Bodenstedt
English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Anton Rubinstein. Op. 34, N° 6

Moderato

Voice



I feel thy breath blow round me
Ich füh-le dei-nen O-dem

Piano



Wher-ev-er I may be,
mich ü-ber-all um - wehn,

Wher-e'er my eyes may wan-der
wo-hin die Au - gen schweifen,

Thy face I seem to see.
wähn' ich dein Bild zu

And in the sea of my spir-it
Im Mee-re mei-ner Ge - dan-ken

The thought of thee ne'er dies,
kannst du nur un - ter - geh'n,

But like the sun at morn-ing
um wie die Son - ne Mor-gens

In beau-ty to a - rise.
schön wie-der auf - zu - steh'n.

Ah!
Ah!

Ah!
Ah!

Ah!
Ah!

Ah!
Ah!

Ah!
Ah!

“Bend, lovely bud”,
„Neig’, schöne Knospe“
(Mirza-Schaffy)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

German words by F. Bodenstedt

Anton Rubinstein. Op. 34, № 8

Piano

Allegro

3/4 time signature, treble clef, dynamic *p*, bass clef, 3/4 time signature.

Staff 1: Treble clef, 3/4 time signature. Measures 1-8 show eighth-note patterns: (G, A), (B, C), (D, E), (F, G), (A, B), (C, D), (E, F), (G, A).

Staff 2: Bass clef, 3/4 time signature. Measures 1-8 show eighth-note patterns: (D, E), (F, G), (A, B), (C, D), (E, F), (G, A), (B, C), (D, E).

Staff 3: Treble clef, 6/8 time signature. Measures 1-8 show sixteenth-note patterns: (G, A, B, C), (D, E, F, G), (A, B, C, D), (E, F, G, A), (B, C, D, E), (F, G, A, B), (C, D, E, F), (G, A, B, C).

Staff 4: Bass clef, 6/8 time signature. Measures 1-8 show sixteenth-note patterns: (D, E, F, G), (A, B, C, D), (E, F, G, A), (B, C, D, E), (F, G, A, B), (C, D, E, F), (G, A, B, C), (D, E, F, G).

Staff 5: Treble clef, 5/8 time signature. Measures 1-8 show sixteenth-note patterns: (G, A, B, C, D), (E, F, G, A, B), (C, D, E, F, G), (A, B, C, D, E), (F, G, A, B, C), (D, E, F, G, A), (B, C, D, E, F), (G, A, B, C, D).

Moderato assai

Bend, love - - - ly bud, thy head
 Neig', schö - - - ne Knos - - pe, dich

p

to me, And what
 zu mir, und was

I ask thee, grant un - to me,
 ich bit - te, das thou'

For I would love thee and hold thee,
 ich will dich pfle - gen und hal - ten,

for _____ I _____ would love _____ thee and
 ich _____ will _____ dich pfle - - - gen und

mf

hold _____ thee.
 hal - - - ten.

p

a tempo

Thou in _____ my arms shalt warm _____
 Du sollst _____ bei mir er - war - -

p

thee,
 men,
 And
 und
 here,
 sollst

Song of the Dark Forest

Chanson de la Forêt Sombre

English version by
Henry G. Chapman
French version by
M.D. Calvocoressi

A. Borodine
(1868)

Molto moderato

Piano

pesante

Thro' the for - est's moan, thro' the for - est's sigh,
La fo - rêt fré - mit, la fo - rêt qui bruit

runs a song. 'Tis an an - cient tale, sung of days gone by,
chante un chant. Un chant d'autre fois, un très vieux ré - cit;

Tell - ing us how men once lived in free - dom, free - men in
et nous dit com - ment on vi - vait li - bres, li - bres tous,

lib - er - ty. Here then grew up— a peo - ple, great were they,
li - bre-ment. Là se grou - pait un peu - ple, peu - ple - fort,

strong were they.
peu - ple grand.

Here, too, lib - er - ty pros-pered
Et la li - ber - té al - lait

stead - i - ly, And this might - y folk grew more pow - er - ful; Now in
s'ac - croissant, Et le peu - ple fort de - ve - nait plus grand, Et ven -

ven - geance they fell on the cit - y folk, and they
geurs puis - sants, ils ont pris la ci - té, ils — y

slaugh - tered them, and their en - e - mies did they laugh to — scorn, and they
sont en - trés et les en - ne - mis, ils les ont rail - lés, ils se

mf

cresc.

steep'd them-selves in the blood that ran:
sont gri - sés de leur sang mau - dit,

curs - ed flood!
à grands flots!

f rall.

Free-dom, lib - er - ty! Peo - ple
Li - bres, li - bre - ment, peu - ple,

f rall.

great and free!
peu - ple grand!

pp

Flowers of Love

Fleurs d'Amour

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

French words by
Paul Collin

A. Borodine

Allegretto

p

Voice

Where tears of my pas - sion have fall - en, Full
Mes lar - mes d'a - mour ont fait naî - tre des

Piano

man - y a flow - er has sprung,
fleurs au par - fum tendre et doux,

And man - y a sigh I have ut - tered The night - in -
Mes tris - tes sou - pirs ont mê - lé leur mur - mu - reaux

Più animato e cresc.

gale has sung.
chants des oiseaux.

And couldst thou, couldst
Si tu veux m'ai -

— thou but love me,
- mer à ton tour,

For thee, dear, the flow - ers would
mi - gnon - ne, les fleurs sont pour

spring,
toi,

And un - der thy win - dow for ev - er To
et sous ta fe - nê - tre les doux ros - si -

thee would the night - in - gale sing!
gnols chan - te - ront nuit et jour!

The Sea - Queen

La Reine de la Mer

English version by
Henry G. Chapman
French words by
C. Grandmougin

A. Borodine
(1868)

Moderato

Piano

p sempre legato

Ah come, wear - y one, make
Ac - cours, voy - a - geur, ac -

haste, it is eve; Thy heart is throb - bing for
cours, c'est la nuit; ton cœur est tout pal - pi -

cresc.

me; Here 'neath the wave waits my
tant; sous l'eau qui fuit mon roy -

mf dim.

p

king - - dom for thee!
au - - me t'at - tend!

Come
Viens

hith - er and rest, For cool is my breast, And
te re - po - ser sous mon frais bai - ser, glis -

pp

wan - der at will thro' the deep;
sant sur les flots sans ef - fort;

When
Ber -

pp

thee I have kiss'd, Thou'l call me blest; I
cé dans mes bras tu me bé - ni - ras, je

love thee! All's a - sleep!
t'ai - me! Viens, tout dort.

ppp

Più animato e cresc.

It
Sur

cresc.

is the great Queen, Whose vi - sion is keen, That
 la gran - de mer la reine à l'œil clair t'ap -

rall.

calls thee a - cross the great sea; Ah,
 pelle en na - geant dou - ce - ment, ah!

mf — *p* rall.

Tempo I

come, oh my friend! Ah, hear and at-tend! 'Tis heav'n that I of - fer
 viens, doux a - mi, en - tends mon ap-pel! je veux te don-ner le

thee!
 ciel!

dim. e rall.

ppp

Dedicated to Modest P. Moussorgsky

A Dissonance

Romance

English version by
Kurt SchindlerWords and Music by
A. Borodine
(1868)

Andantino

Voice Andantino

Piano

Thy lips say, "I love thee, be-

lieve me,"

And yet, in the sound of thy

mf

voice A false note rings, that doth grieve me, It

mf

rall.

is in thy smile, in thine eyes! Thou know'st, thou canst not de -

f ff. rall.

ceive me!

The Sleeping Princess

Musical Fairy-tale

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Words and Music by
A. Borodine
(1867)

Andantino

Voice

Piano

pp *legato*

Bassoon

Hush! hush! With love - ly eyes Closed in sleep, the

Prin - cess lies, By a fair - y charm en - chant - ed,

Doom'd to dream in for - est haunt-ed: Hush! Hush!

Più mosso

Sud - den on the

si - lence break - ing, Laugh- ing, shout - ing, mer - ry - mak - ing,

rall.

Thro' the gloom the wood-nymphs sweep, Yet they do not break her sleep.

pp

rall.

Tempo I

Pale and wan, as dead she were, Sleeps the Prin-cess ev - er there.

Hush!

Hush!

mf

2d.

Più animato

cresc. poco a poco

Some do say that on a day A charm-ing Prince, true -

p marcato

cresc. poco a poco

heart - ed, brave and gay, To her his way will make,

And the sleep - ing beau - ty wake With a kiss, and

thus the fa - tal spell _____ will

break!

Più lento

But the

dim.

days go by, a - las! Like a dream they seem to

pass, Yet no Prince has ev - er come To in -

vade the for - est's gloom.

Tempo I

Fast a - sleep the Prin - cess lies, Wrapp'd in mys - ter -

p

y her eyes, By a fair - y charm en - chant - ed, Doom'd to dream in

for - est haunt - ed! Hush!

Hush!

Bale - ful charm and slum - ber fell: - Will she wake? Ah, none can

tell!

“Slowly the daylight departs”

«Lentement baissa le jour»

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

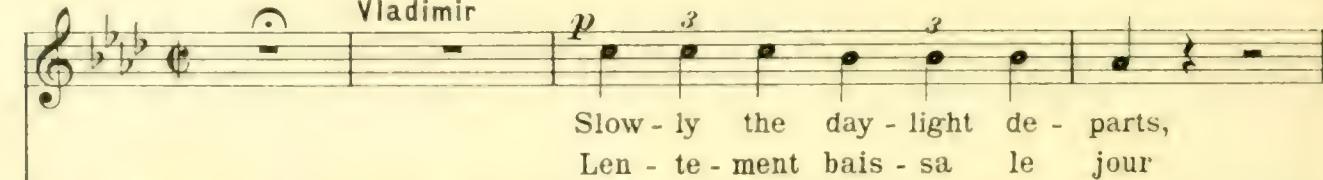
Recitative and Cavatina from the opera
“Prince Igor”

Alex. Borodine
1834-1887

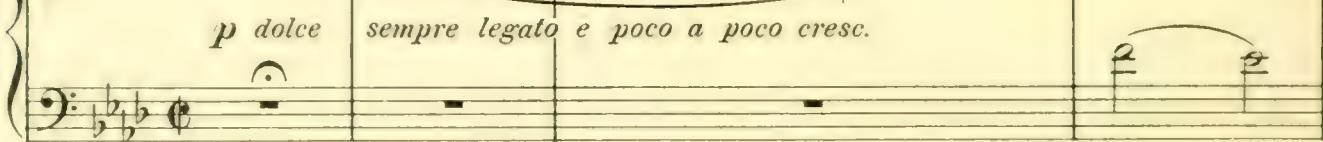
Andante ($\text{d} = 66$)

Vladimir

Voice



Piano



Red glows the sun thro' the for - est; Gone are the last rays of
Sur la fo - rêt té - né - breu - se; Lom-bre va, mys - té - ri -

sun - set, Dark - ness on earth is de - scend-ing; night - la - den
eu - se, É - veil - ler l'é - cho d'a - mour. É - cho di -



shad - ows shroud hill and val - ley In veils of dark-ness.
vres - se, Chant de ten - dres - se, Qui nous ca - res - se!

Oh balm - y night of the South! What dream of love dost thou
Tiè - de nuit d'a-mour, Ah! Mal - gré l'ar - deur de ta

wast us? Thou a - wak'st de - sire in our hearts, to love thou call - est!
flam-me, Tu m'es doux, ô rêve et la foi rem-plit mon â - me!

mf *animato ed appassionato*
Wait'st thou for me, O dear-est heart's de-sire?
Chè - re bien - ai - mée, une é - toi - le luit!

a tempo

Wait'st thou?
Well my heart feels and tells me 'tis so!
An - ge!
tu m'at - tends et mon cœur me le dit!

p a tempo

p

Say,
Ah!

sempre cantabile dolce ed espressivo

where art thou?
Must I call on thee in
viens, ah! viens!
Viens, ré - ponds au tendre ap -

Led. (wherever harmonies permit)

vain? Ah, how im - pa - tient - ly do I wait, love, for -
pel! O chère a - man-te, le doute, hé - las! est cru -

thee! Come to me! O quick - ly come! My
el! Viens, ré - ponds à mon ap - - pel! Dou -

cresc.

rall. e dim. a tempo >
heart, — sweet maid, calls to thee! Know'st thou how — the
ter — d'un cœur est cru - el! Viens! — Ton — a -

rall. e dim. a tempo > cresc. p
pain of love — glows in my heart? Warm — in
mour est — ma vi - e. A toi — tou -

cresc. poco a poco > f
me glows for thee my heart, — sweet love!
jours, tendre a - mie! En - tends — ma voix!

mf

> > > > > >

arms of night.
de sa - phir!

cresc. p cresc.

Where art thou, say? Must I
Ah! viens, ah! viens! Réponds en -

dim.

call on thee in vain? When with smiles wilt thou clasp me -
fin à mon ap - pel! Ah! pour moi, oui, pour moi le -

dim.

soft - - ly, whis - pring of love!
dou - te se - rait trop cru - el!

Come, ah, come
Ah! ré - ponds!

cresc.

mf

to me! A
toi My heart, — sweet maid, calls to
ce cœur — brû - lant d'a - - -

dim.

p

thee!
mour! O come, the night thy flight shall cov - - -
La nuit d'é - té, sous ses longs voi - - -

p *pp*

er, When all save dreams at rest shall be.
les, Pour nous an - non - ce son re - tour.

When hearts with love are brim - ming o - ver,
Il n'est i - ci que les é - toi - les,

And heav'n a - lone is there to see.
 Ces yeux du ciel tout pleins d'a - mour.

The world is
 Vois des beaux

still, and in night's arms all
 soirs le doux sa - phir, Tout

things sleep! Oh
 va dor - - mir. Oh

come!
 viens!

Poet and Critic

Nachtigall und Kukuk

(A. S. Pushkin)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman
German words by
L. Esbeer

César Antonovitch Cui. Op. 57, N° 22

Andantino ($\dot{\text{d}} \cdot \dot{\text{d}} = 72$)

Piano

When woods are dark and late the hour,
Es singt der Sänger dunkler Nächte

A min-strel lauds the Spring-tide's power;
im Wald das Lob der Frühlingsmächte.

He trills, he warbles, won-drous bird.
Er rollt, er trillert, pfeift und schlägt.

mf

The cuc - koo then comes forth to bel - low,
Doch ist der Ku - kuk auch zur Stel - le,

mf

The sil - ly, chat - ty, nois - y fel - low, And shouts his "Cuc -
der schwatz-haft al - ber - ne Ge - sel - le, und schreit sein Ku -

mf *p* *mf* *p*

- koo," un - de - terred. And scur - vi - ly does Ech - o serve us,
- ku un - ent - wegt. Das E - cho weiss den Ruf zu nüt - zen

For she re - peats him o'er and o'er,
und wie - der - holt ihm im - mer - zu
E - ter - nal - ly!
zum Ü - ber-druss!

mf

The Lord pre-serve us From such a
Mag Gott uns schüt - zen vor solch' e -

mel - - an - chol - - y bore!
le - - gi - schem Ku - - ku.

mf *p*

Peasant Cradle-Song

Berceuse du Paysan

From the drama "Voyevoda," by Ostrowski

English version by
Henry G. Chapman
French version by
Hettange

Modest Moussorgsky
(1865)

Adagio

Voice

Piano

Modest Moussorgsky (1865)

By - bye, by - bye, sleep, my pret-ty boy,
Do - do, do - do, mon bel et beaugas,

Sleep, little one, sleep, thou hum-ble toil-er's babe.
Dors, en - fant, dors, en - fant du la - bou - reur.

By - bye, by - bye,
Do - do, do - do.

dim.

In the bright-er days _____ of yore our lot was not so
 Dans l'ancien temps, _____ on a - vait moins de _____

hard But now _____ a - las, the happy times are oer Dis - tress_ and
 mal! Main - te - nant, tout le long des longs jours, le noir_ sou -

grief _____ And des - pair _____ have we, And there's no _____ re -
 ci, _____ les en - nuis _____ cru - els, la mi - sè - re nous

lief from our mi - se - ry.
 tra - vail-lent sans ré - pit.

dim.

By, by - bye,
Do - do, do - do,

Sleep, my pret - ty boy,
mon bel et beau gas.

cresc.

Sleep, ba - by, sleep, thou child of low - ly birth.
Dors, en - fant, dors, en - fant du la - bou - reur.

By thy
Tu vain-

hands_ a - lone Thou shall earn thy bread, All thy days on the fields that are
cras le mal-heur en tri - mant des bras, tous les longs jours, sur des -

not thine own, While with fie - ry rays The hot sun shall blaze,
terres pas à toi, quand le chaud so - leil dar-de - ra ses feux,-

the hot sun shall blaze.
dar - de - ra ses feux.

dim.

dolce

pp

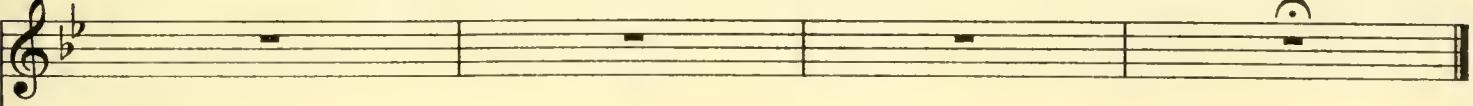
Now, while sleep — doth thine eye - lids en - fold,
Le som - meil — a fer - mé tes bons yeux.

Thy soul — far a — way from the earth may
Ta douce âme a — pris sa vo - lée au

fly, And yet the Lord watch-es ev - er nigh, An-gels o - ver
 loin. No - tre Sei - gneur veille au-près de toi: L'an-ge t'a . cou -

*ben suonato**a tempo**un poco rit.*

thee spread their wings of gold, spread their wings of gold.
 vert de son ai - le d'or, de son ai - le d'or.

*armonioso**dim.**pp**dim.**ppp*

The Beetle

Le Hanneton

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Words and Music by

M. Moussorgsky

No. 5 of the cycle, "Nursery Songs"

Allegro non troppo

f

Voice

Piano

Nur - sie, lis - ten to

what has hap - pen'd!

Lis - ten, Nur - sie dear!

In the sand there I was play-ing; in the gar-den, by the birch-tree,

Build - ing hous - - es with my pret - ty

blocks of ma - ple, those Moth - er made me,

dar - ling Moth - er, and so nice - ly. And my lit - tle

pp

house was fin - ished with the roof on, just like an - y

real one. Ah!

cresc.

f

sfp

sf

sp

>

p

A bee - - - tle

light - ed on the roof, So

big and black and mon - - - strous thick,

And reached out his feel - ers,

hor - - ri - bly, and stared at me with

cresc.

glar - - ing eye - - balls!

Oh, how scared I was!

The bee - tle

buzzed fierce - ly, And he spread his

p

cresc.

wings out, and then he tried to grab me—

tr. *f* *tr.*

Then up he flew, and struck me up - on my fore - head!

tr. *f* *cresc.* *f*

pp

I held my breath then, Nur - sie, kept still, a -

p dim.

fraid to move a fin - ger! But out of just one eye I peep'd at

pp *p*

him. And Nur - sie, O Nur - sie, think of it!

On his back there lay the bee - tle, ver - y still, with legs all droop-ing,

no long - er an - - gry. And he did not

move his feel - ers, and was not buzz - - ing,

just his wings were wav-ing gen-tly. Was he

cresc.

dead, then? Or just pre-tend-ing?

f

Tell me, how was that? Do tell me, Nur-sie,

f

a - bout this bee - - tle! The bee - tle

struck me, but he fell o - - - ver!

dim. *ritard.*

Tell me why he lay there, poor bee - tle!

ritard.

p *pp*

A Child's Song

Chanson d' Enfant

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

French words by Hettange

(L. Mey)

Modest Moussorgsky

Andantino tranquillo

Voice

In the vale, oh! in the val - ley,
Dans le val, ah! dans le val - lon,

Piano

Grows a lit - tle ber - ry, Ri - pend by the
a pou - sé - la mü - re. Le so - leil la

cresc.

sun - ny hours, Glad-den'd by the show - ers.
fait - ro - se, L'eau du ciel l'ar - ro - se.

riten.

By the Water

(Count A.Golenistchew-Koutouzow)

English version by
Kurt Schindler

Modest Moussorgsky

No. 6 of the Cycle: "Where No Sun Shines"

*cantabile con meditazione**pp*

Voice Andante molto

Piano

Pale is the

moon, and the stars from the

limpid skies Mir - ror their

sleep - ing lake;

poco rall.

cresc. *dim.*

a tempo

Si - - - lent I gaze on the

a tempo

pp

tide, while a - lone a - wake,

And in my soul strange fore -

pp

bod - - ings of fate a - rise.

Soft - - ly the rip - - ples are —

cresc.

flash - - ing — in — sil - - v'ry light,

dim.

On balm - y breez - - es there

cresc.

trem - - bles a ma - - gic spell;

con dolore

Dreams of sweet pas - - sion the

*cresc.**dim.*

ze - - phrys now seem to tell.

*cresc.**dim.*

And a voice from the in - - fi - nite

ppp

calls with my - ste - rious might:

poco a poco cresc. e accel.

Spell - - bound I lis - - ten, en -

poco a poco cresc. e accel.

thrall'd by an un - known fear,-

If it should bid me stay,

ppp

Then could I ne'er de-part; Bade it me

hence, I should fly with a wound - ed heart;
p

poco rall. *a tempo*
 Called it to me, I should plunge in the
poco rall. *a tempo* *mf*
 wa - ters here!
pp

perdendosi

Divination by Water*

La Divination par l'eau

From the opera "Khovanstchina"

English version by

Kurt Schindler

French version by

Hettange

Modest Moussorgsky
(composed 1875-1881)

Andante ($\text{♩} = 60$)

Voice

Piano

Spi - rits of neth - er worlds, Hid - den be - low the floods!
O vous, es - prits des eaux! O vous, es - prits sub - tils!

Bound by a ma-gic spell Deep in the dark and void! Hear! I call ye!
Mâ - nes per-dus au loin dans le noir né - ant, je vous man - de!

*(Martha, a young woman of the sect of the "Old Believers" gifted with second-sight, reads, in a silver basin filled with water, the fortune of Prince Golitsyne.)

Poor, per-ished hu - man souls! Vic-tims of des - ti - ny! Ye that to mor - tal men
 Pau - vres hu-mains noy- és! Tris - tes es-prits dé-chus! Vous qui pou-vez tra-hir

Fate's se-crets can be-tray, Hark to me!
 tous les se-crets du sort, ê-tes-vous là?

Tell me what life will bring
 De ce sei-gneur trou-blé,

Un - to the proad Bo - iár, Who in the grasp of fear Dread-eth his fu - ture lot. What
 de ce bo - iar fiè - vreux que l'a - ve - nir é - meut, et que la crainte é - treint, quel

fate is his?
est le sort?

poco *sf* *pp* *sf dim.*

Lim-pid the wa - ter and crystal clear,
L'eau est lim-pi - de comme un cris-tal:

Yet'neath the sur - face I
El - le bra-sil - le de

p *poco sf* *pp*

see mys - te - rious flames.
feux é - tin - ce - lants.

Prince! See the wa - ter-spir - its
Prin - ce! l'es - prit des eaux -

poco sf

pp

haste to my sum - mon-ing! Prince! thou art now to learn -
a en - ten - du ma voix! Prin - ce! tu va sa - voir -

p (sinister)

All the se - crets of thy fate. A - round thee I see
les mys-tè - res du des - tin. Je vois, près de toi,
treach' - rous
des a -

friends, who mock thee now; yea, I see!
mis aux yeux moqueurs, je les vois...

They draw near - er and near - er thee.
Ils ap - pro-chen plus près de toi.

accelerando (urging)

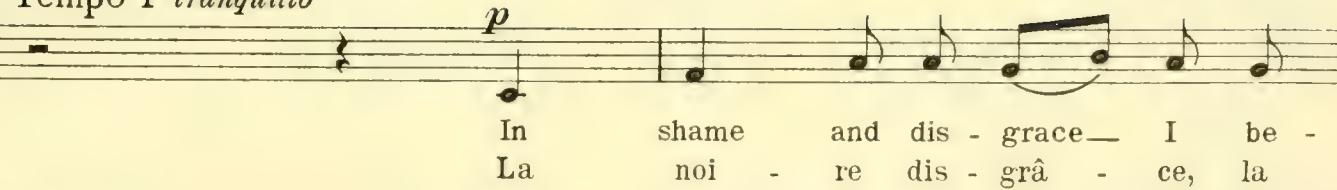
Prince! they have barr'd the way to thee,
 Prince! ils te bar - - rent le che - min,

accelerando

They sum - mon thee to a long, wear - y jour - ney:
 ils te font voir u - ne rou - te loin - tai - ne.

ff accel. Now I see! I see! I see clearly! Look ye!
 Ah! je vois! je vois! tout s'é - clai - re! Prin - ce!



Tempo I *tranquillo**p tranquillo*

hold — thee In ex - ile a - lone in a dis - tant —
hon - te, l'e - xil so - li - taire en ter - - re loin -

coun - try,
tai - ne,

De - spised and for - got, — where all
l'ou - bli, le mé - pris, — la dou -

vain — Were thy sor - row:— This thy fate ev - er -
 leur — vai - ne, c'est la ton lot dé - sor -

more! Nay! Naught can a - vert this from
 mais! Non! rien ne pour - ra te sau -

thee, Nei - ther chance nor thy will; Thou wilt strive, but in
 ver, ni ha - sard, ni vou - loir: tes ef - forts se - ront

vain, Thy fate is de - creed. O
 vains. Le sort l'a vou - lu. Tu

Prince, thou shalt hun - ger and thirst, Cru - el wan - shall be
 dois, ô sei - gneur, su - bir le mal-heur, le be -

thine, Thou shalt lan - guish and suf - fer. Through
 soin et l'a - tro - ce mi - sè - re... Tes

tears, through burn - ing tears, — Thou'l look on the
 yeux, sous les lar - mes brû - lan - tes, vont en - tre -

world, Know - ing its sor - row!
 voir ce qu'est le mon - de.

Death and the Peasant

La Mort et le Paysan

Trepak

English version by

Kurt Schindler and H.G. Chapman

French words by Hettange

(Count Golenistchew-Koutousow)

Modest Moussorgsky

(1875)

No. 1 of the Cycle: "Songs and Dances of Death"

Lento assai, tranquillo

Voice

p

Snow - fields in si-lence.— So cold is the night.
Bois, champs et plai-ne sal - lon-gent dé-serts.

Piano

And the i - cy north-wind is wail - ing, Bro-ken-ly sob-bing,
La ra - fa - le pleu - re, s'é - ner - ve. On di - rait là - bas,

as though a ghast - ly dirge — O - ver the
là - bas, dans la nuit, — plain - tes au -

graves it was chant-ing.— Lo! O be - hold!
près d'u-ne tom-be... oui! C'est ce - la!

pp

sfp

pp

p poco a poco più mosso

Through the night a strange pair ap - proach - es,
Dans la nuit, — un pauvre hom - me...

poco a poco più mosso

Death holds an old peas-ant fast in his clutch - es.
La mort l'é - treint, le ca - res - - - - se.

See, now they dance the tre - pak, do the pair,
 El - le l'en - traîne a - vec el - le si loin!

poco rall.

Songs at his ear Death is sing - - - - ing:
 En lui chan - tant u - ne ron - - - - de:

poco rall.

Allegretto moderato e pesante

"Hey, poor old man with a head so light! Too much you drank on the
 O pau-vre vieux, pau-vre vieux sans tête! Ah! il a bu, il a

p

f (à 3 battute)

road to - night! And the lash - ing snow-flakes set your head a -
 bu en rou - te! Mais le vent, la nei - ge tour - nent, vi - rent,

mf

reel - ing, That you went a - stray with - out sense or feel - ing!
vol - tent, ils le chas - sent, ti - rent loin de sa de - meu - re!

(à 5 battute)

mf poco meno mosso

Were you so bro - ken by want and sor - row? Lie down and
Ah! pau - vre vieux, il souf - frait, si fai - ble! Viens,

*p poco meno mosso**p*

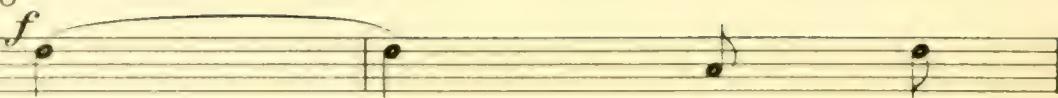
sleep, then, un - til to - mor - row! Oh, poor fel - low, let my thick white
toi, en - dors - toi, bon - hom - me! Viens à moi! Pour te chauf - fer, voi -

(à 3 battute)

p

blan - ket warm you, Let the snow-flakes dancing round us cheer and charm you.
ci la nei - ge, pour cou - vrir ton corps, voi - ci la nei - ge blan - che.

Ancora più sostenuto

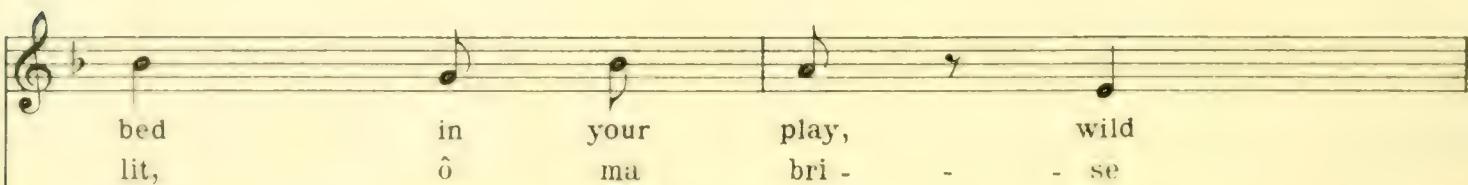


Heap _____ him a
Fais - - - lui son

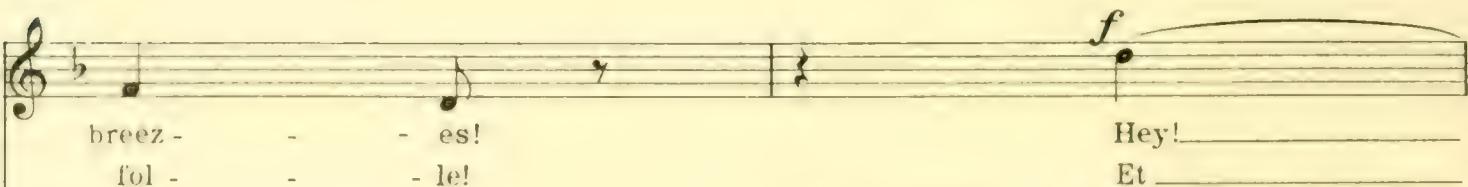
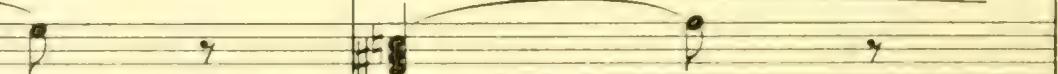
(à 5 battute)



f



bed in your play, wild
lit, ô ma bri - - - se



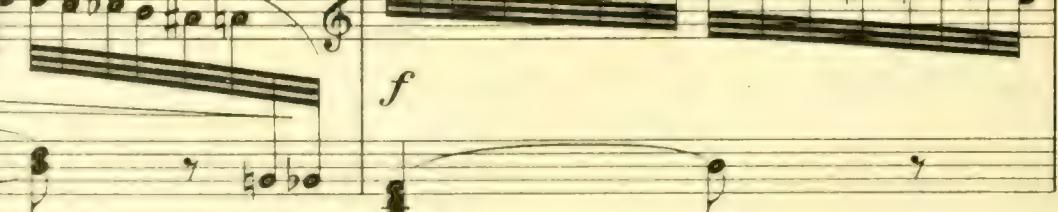
breez - - - es!
fol - - - le!

Hey!

Et



f



for a dance,
dan - - se - - lui,
for a chan - - te - -

song, wild breez - - - es!
lui, ô bri - - - se,

Meno allargando, mosso

Sing your songs, ye night - winds, Storm-ing from the
Un jo - li re - train qui l'en - dor - me

(à 3 battute)

West! Till the drunk-en peasant
bien! un joli rêve - train

is at last at rest!
qui l'en-dor-me bien!

a tempo p (à 4 battute)

Hear me, ye snow-fields and
O belle nuit! belle

f

a tempo pp

wind-y reaches! Hear me, ye cloud-banks and
nuit sans lune! Oh! jet-te-lui, jet-te-

pp

(à 3 battute)

i - - cy stretch - es! Turn your - - selves to
 lui en hâ - - te sur les bras, l'é - -

swan's - - down, Make a snow - white cov - - er,
 pau - - le, sur les reins, les jam - - bes,

And the gray - - beard's cra - - dle I will
 u - - ne nei - - ge blan - - che, u - - ne

draw it o - - ver!
 man - - te lour - - de!

riten.

Andante tranquillo

pp

Sleep, friend, in — peace, close your eyes for
 Dors, mon a - - mi, dors en paix, sans

*pp**a tempo*

ev - er!
 crain - te!

Spring comes, but
 Voi - ci ve -

*più mosso**rall.**mf**pp a tempo*

you'll see it nev - er!
 nir les beaux jours!

*più mosso**rall.**a tempo*

Soon the sun up - on the fields will smile;
 Sur les grands sei - gles et les blés

pp a tempo

And the peas - ants come to till the soil,
clair so - - leil! Tout flam - - be!

To the cloud - less skies mer-ry larks a - rise!
Et les chants s'é - pan - dent, re-di-sant la joi - - e!

mf ritard.

p

m.s. pp a tempo

p ritard.

p

a tempo

pp

Led.

*

Martha's Song

Chant de Marthe

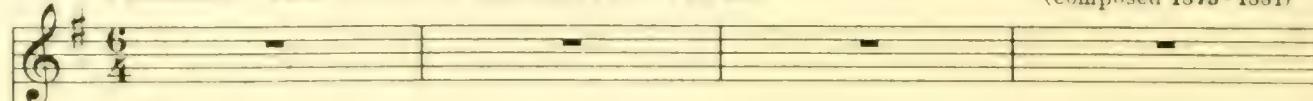
From the opera "Khovanstchina"

English version by
Henry G. Chapman
French version by
Hettange

Andante con moto e lamentoso (♩ = 96)

Modest Moussorgsky
(composed 1875-1881)

Voice



Piano

And by day and by night I fare
Et de jour et de nuit je vais

O - ver moun - tain and mead - ow, o - ver moun - tain and
par les champs et les prés verts, par les champs et les

poco riten.

mead - ow, Thro' the woods and o - ver the burn - ing sands.
prés - verts, par - les bois et par les ter - rains brû - lés.

a tempo

On the brambles I've torn my hands, Worn my feet so they
Aux buis - sons j'ai grif - fé mes mains, j'ai sur le sol u -

a tempo

scarce will move. Ev - er I seek_ the one I love. Yet I
sé - mes pieds. Tou - jours cher - chant mon bien - ai - mé, je n'ai

poco riten.

find _ not him that is dear _ to me.
pas _ re - trou - vé ses traits _ ché - ris;

poco riten.

a tempo

Once to his pal-ace I dared to go:
je m'a-ven - tu - rais vers son pa-lais:

Ah, I crept there so
me glis - sai fur -

*a tempo**pizz.*

fur - tive-ly!
ti - ve-ment,

First I rapped at his win - dow, Then I
je heur - tai sa fe - nê - tre, je son -

sf

struck on the sil - ver bell a blow;
nai du mar - teau d'ar gent tin - tant.

*sf**sf**p poco riten.*

a tempo

Dost not re-mem-ber, my dear ____ one?
 Sou - viens-toi, sou-viens-toi, ché - ri!

Ah, call to mind all you
 Oh, sou-viens-toi de tes

pp a tempo

prom - ised me!
 ser - ments!

Of - ten a - lone in the night I've thought of thy
 Seu - le, j'ai son - gé des lon - gues nuits à tes

poco riten.

words of love and thy burn - ing vows.
 mots d'a - mour, tes ser - ments brû - lants.

poco riten.

Poco meno mosso

mystico

Like two ta - - - pers of the Lord,
 Tels les cier - - - ges du Sei - gneur

pp

Thou and I shall be flames of light! E - ven chil - dren of
 nous al - lons tous deux clair - flam - ber! Fil - les du Christdans

poco riten.

Christ in ra-diance, Our souls in their fire shall be lift-ed on high!
 la lu - miè - re, et dans le feu nos â - mes s'é - lè - ve - ront!

poco riten.

Tempo I

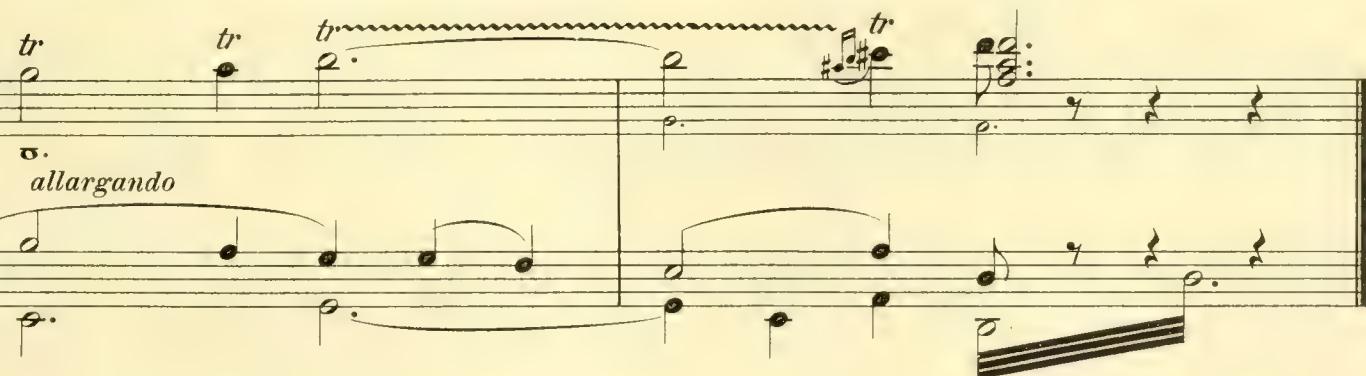
False one, thou hast my love be - trayed, Light - ly thou with my
 Faux a - mi, tu m'as dés - ai - mé, tu t'es jou - é de



heart hast played. But the time is at hand to show the de -
 mon a - mour, tu con - naî - tra bien - tôt, cru - el, la re -



allargando
 ter - mined faith of a true Rus - sian maid.
 bel - le fil - le, dont le cœur - est mort.



Cradle-Song of the Poor

(Berceuse of Yerómushka)*

La Berceuse du pauvre

(Nekrassow)

French Words by Hettange

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Modest Moussorgsky

Adagio

Voice

Piano

By - bye, by - bye!
Do - do, do - do,

By - bye, by - bye!
do - do, do - do.

Low - er than the hum - ble way-side flow'r
Bas, plus bas que l'humble fleur des champs,

Bowed my I - van's head must be,
il de-vra courber le front,

If this child of low - ly folk — and poor
mon I - van, l'enfant des pau - vres gens,

22724 * Yerómushka means in Russian: "little Jerome".

Is to live from in - sult free.
s'il veut vi-vre sans af-front.

By-bye!by - bye! By-bye!by - bye!
Do-do, do - do, do-do, do - do.

As the grain must bend be - fore the wind,
Tel le blé qui ver - se sous le vent,

Bow, my son, bend with good grace;
cour - be - toi tant que tu peux,

So some day the great will sure - ly find 'Mongst them-selves for you a place.
et bien sûr, les ri - ches, mon I - van, te fe - ront place au-près d'eux.

dim.

By - bye, by - bye! By - bye, by - bye!
Do - do, do - do, do - do, do - do.

dim.

No - ble court - iers ev - er night and day
Les plus no - bles, et soir et ma - tin,

To my I - van will pay court,
te fe - ront ci - vi - li - tés,

cresc.

La - dies drest in silk and sa - - - tins gay.
Chez les bel - les da - mes en sa - - tin

cresc.

Will be his for love and sport;
tu prendras des lib - er - tés;

And my lit - tle I - van's life will smoothly run,
et joy-eu - se-ment, ah ah! comme au fil de l'eau

Like a thread from spin - dle spun.
cou - le - ront— les jours d'I - van.

By - bye, by - bye!
Do - do, do - do,

By - bye, by - bye!
do - do, do - do.

Hopak

French words by Hettange

English version by
Henry G. Chapman(Words by L. Mey, after the
Little-Russian of Shevtchénko)Modest Moussorgsky
(1867)**Allegro***quasi pizzicato*

Piano

Hi! Ha! Ha!
Hoï! hop! hop!

the Ho - pak! I'm the wife of a Ko - sak!
au Ho - pak! Je suis fem - me d'un Ko - sak!

Laugh he won't, for he's too crust - y, Red his head, his
 Il rit peu, — mais il se — ri - de, il est roux jus -

p *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *cresc.*

bod - y rust - y: Ah, my fate, my luck-less fate! Yah!
 qu'à la rouil - le... Ah! mon sort, mon triste sort! Hoï!

Eh, but I'll not
 A quoi bon ver -

cry for ev - er, Go, my friend, lap up the riv - er!
 ser des lar - mes? Va, mon vieux, à la fon - tai - ne!

p *sf* *mf* *sf* *sf* *p* *sf* *sf*

p

When the tav - ern I shall pass, _____
 Moi, je ga - gne la ta - ver - ne:

p

I'll step in and get a glass, _____
 je pren - drai le ver - reen main... _____

p

Then, my friends, we'll drink, and clink, and
 et, voi - sins, trin - quons, trin - quons, trin -

f

clink, and drink! They will pour a glass for me,
 quons, trin - quons! Je boi - rai d'a - bord un coup,

La-ter one, and two, and three! When the girl gets up— to go,—
puis en-core un, deux et trois! Et la femme a - lors s'en va,—

She will have a man in tow; To her jeal - ous
un jeune hom - me sur — ses pas. Le ma - ri ja -

hus - band's call She will pay no heed at all.
loux l'ap - pel - le, mais il n'a qu'un pied de nez.

Hey, my man, if yours I be, See that you pro-vide for me: Yes, Sir!
Si je suis à toi, mon vieux, tu me dois pour-voir de tout: oui - da!

f

Get this al - so thro' your head, Chil-dren must be cloth'd and fed! Just so!
Il te faut sol-gner l'en-fant, le nour-rir et le vê-tir: oui, oui!

f

Now, un-less these things you do, I shall soon get rid of you: Tru-ly!
Ou si-non, é-coute un peu: je me pas-se-rai de toi: oui - da!

f

Yes, my friend, the ba-by's there, Wash his face and curl his hair! There, now!
Le pe - tit est là, mon vieux: la - ve - le, bi - chon - ne - le: oui, oui!

dolce

Just you mind now what I say!
Mais vois - tu, prends garde à toi!

Do not try to
Ne vas pas quit -

p

run a - way!
 ter l'en - fant:
 Hear me!
 Sans quoi!...
 Watch it, heed it,
 Veil - le, ber - ce,

rock it, feed it: That's it!
veil le, ber - ce - le: bien, bien!

Meno mosso

In the days that now are gone,— Days when I was twen - ty - one,
Au - tre - fois au bon vieux temps,— quand j'a - vais mes vingt aus,

mf

I would sew be - side my win-dow, And when all my work was done,
je bro - dais à ma fe - nê - tre, puis l'ou - vrage a - che - vé,

With a cry— out up - on_ the street I'd run,— Gai - ly call-ing,
 je cou - rais_ sur la rou - te, je cri - ais_ à voix hau - te:

Più mosso

Hey there! Si - mon, Mi - chael, John! Get your fin - est waist - coats on!
 Hoï! Si - mon, I - van, Mi - chel! ça, met - tez vos beaux ha - bits!

poco a poco accel.

Off we'd hur - ry, shout-ing, pranc-ing, To the mu - sic and the dancing:
 Ça, plus vi - te! que l'on cau - se, que l'on dan-se, que l'on chan-te:

mf colla voce

Hi!
Hoï!Hi!
Hoï!Hi!
Hoï!Hi!
Hoï!

Tempo primo

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! the Ho - pak!
 Hoï, hoï, hoï, hoï, hoï, Hoï! hop, hop, au Ho - pak!

I'm the wife of a Ko - sak! Laugh he won't, for
 Je suis fem - me d'un Ko - sak! Il rit peu, mais

he's too_crust - y, Red his head, his_ bod - y rust - y:
 il se ri - de, il est roux jus - qu'à la rouil - le.

Ah! my fate, my luck-less fate! Yah!
 Ah! mon sort! mon tris - te sort! Hoï!

The Siege of Kazan

Varlaám's Ballad

From the opera "Boris Godounow"

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

(after Púshkin and Karamzin)

Modest Moussorgsky

(1872)

Allegro ($\text{♩} = 144$)

Voice

Piano

When I stopped at Ka - zan, that fine old cit - - - y,

There the Ter - ri - ble

Czar for pleasure tar - - ried,

How the Ta - tars then he har - ried,

How he scourged them with - out pit - y! Let no one

say _____ a word!

On that

dim.

p

night by stealth Czar I - van drew his men round Ka - zan; Ring the

f

p

town and drive his mines be - low the riv - er, his plan! Proud-ly

f

p

strut-ted thro' the cit - y Ta - tars bold from near and far,

sf

p

"We will send to hell", said they, "this ter - ri - ble Czar!" Cru - el

Ta - tars were they!

Then Czar I - van lower'd his lord - ly head,

Gloom - y and dark his face be - came with rage as he said:

p

"Now, brave can - non - iers, be - - gin your game!

p

Read - y with your fus - es; strike your flame! Can - non -

iers, strike your flame!"

f

dimin.

Poco meno mosso ($\text{♩} = 126$) *mf*

From the tin - der the wax - en ta - pers catch the

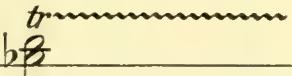
fire! To the kegs fly the gun - ners full of



fp

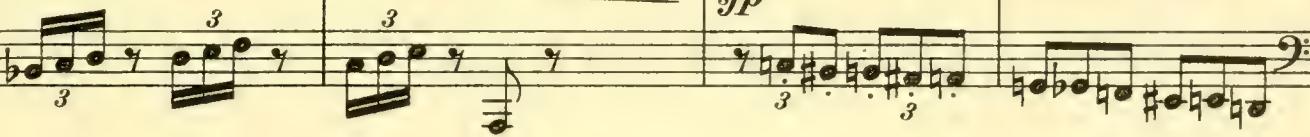


joy and ire, And the casks that held the



p

casks that held the



powder whirled a - way with a dash! Oh! From the mines there came a

cresc.

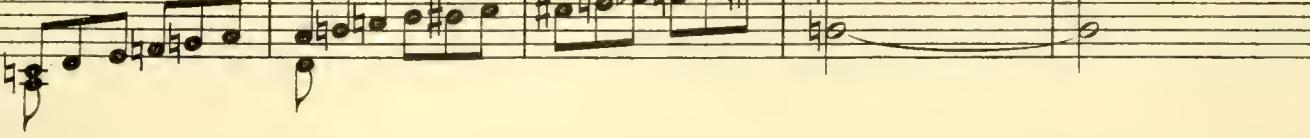


roar and a flash, And they bust with a

ff



f



crash!

sf poco accel.

Tempo I

Oh, the Ta - tars rent the air with aw - ful shriek and

cry, Cries of hor - ror, shrieks of —

f

men who die! And Czar I - van

mf

m.s.

piled them up moun - tains high! Man - ya

mf

m.s.

thou-sand leg and arm, hip and thigh! Leg and arm, hip and

mf

thigh! When I

stopped at Ka - zan, that fine old cit - - - - y! Hey!

ff

Oriental Chant

(Lamentation)

From the cantata "Josua Navîne"

English version by
Henry G. ChapmanModest Moussorgsky
Arr. by Kurt Schindler

Voice Largo ($d = 50$) *p doloroso*

Hear ye A - mo - re - a's daugh - ters, hear their

Piano

la - men - ta - tion un - to Ca - naan, Un - der Ga - - - - jem's

a piacere

cresc.

aw - ful, dark

ten.

and threat - - ning

colla voce

brow!

Hear ye A - mo - re-a's

f

p dolce

p

daugh - - ters, hear their la - men - ta - tion un - - to

f dimin.

Ca - naan, un - - der Ga - - - jem's

f dim.

pp a piacere

molto riten.

aw - ful, dark and threat'ning brow!

pp riten.

mf il basso

fa piena voce

'Neath the walls of Ga-va - o - na, Falls the

Ad. *

bro-ken crown of A - mo - re - a, Whence are flow - - - ing - - -

f *dim.*

Streams of bit - - - - - ter tears.

Ad. *

“Oh come to me!”

(A. Koltsow)

English version by
Alma StrettellFrench words by
M. D. Calvocoressi

«Viens près de moi»

M. Balakirew

Andante

Voice

Piano

The musical score consists of three systems of music. System 1 (measures 1-4) shows the piano providing harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note chords, while the voice part is silent. System 2 (measures 5-12) begins with the piano's eighth-note chords, followed by the vocal entry. The lyrics are: "Oh come to me when breezes / Viens près de moi, lors - que la". The piano accompaniment continues with eighth-note chords. System 3 (measures 13-20) shows the piano's eighth-note chords, followed by the vocal entry. The lyrics are: "stir The si-lent trees with lan-guid sigh-ing, When field and / brise in - cli - ne mol - le - ment les ar - bres, lors - que le". The piano accompaniment continues with eighth-note chords.

mf

wood, the plain, the world, In dream-y robe of mist are
ciel, le steppe, le monde en - tier s'en-dor-ment dans la

pp

ly - ing. Oh come to me what time the
bru - me! Viens près de moi, lors - que la

pp

moon Swift div - ing thro' the clouds doth wend her; Or from her
lune on - dule au mi - lieu des nu - a - ges, quand, du ciel

throne in heav-en clear Doth gild the waves in match-less
cal - me, ses ray - ons des - cen-dent sur les eaux bril -

splen-dor.
lan - tes!

mf

Oh come to
Viens près de

me when might - y Love A - wakes in us his fer - vent
moi, lors - que l'a - mour fait naître en nous la jeune i -

fire, And when my soul in rap - ture burns, And
vres - se, lors - que mon âme est en - flam - mée, et

Poco più agitato

p

sports and storms in young de - sire! Oh come to me, for one with
 que mon cœur fré - mit d'ex - ta - se! Viens près de moi, ray - ons u -

thee I fain would taste life's keen-est sa - vor, And, crush'd a -
 nis! Je veux goû - ter des joies sans bor - nes, je veux, blot -

gainst that fair young breast, Would hold thee close in love for
 ti con - tre ton sein, t'ai - mer, t'é - treindre a - vec dé -

ev - er! Ay, crush'd a - gainst that fair young breast, I'd hold thee
 li - ces! Je veux, blot - ti con - tre ton sein, t'ai-mer, t'é -

ff poco riten.

close in love for ev - er!
 treindre a - vec dé - li - ces!

*a tempo**a tempo**mf**p**poco a poco riten.**pp*

Springtime

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Frühling
(Pleshtchéyeff)

P. Tschaikowsky. Op. 54, N° 9
From the cycle, "Songs for Young People"

Allegro animato

Voice Piano

Now melts the snow, old Win-ter whines,
Der Schnee zer- rinnt: der Win-ter weint,
But der

Spring at last is smil-ing sly - ly,- And bright and clear the sun he
Früh ling a - ber lei - se lä - chelt So hell und klar die Son - ne

shines, And soft, warm breez-es fan me coy - ly! The woods will
scheint, so - weich und warm das Lüft - chen fä - chelt! Bald webt der

weave their sum - mer dress, Soon birds will sing in ev - ry cov - er, And
Wald auch neu sein Kleid und tönt von fro - hem Vo - gel - san - ge, und

all the winter's storm and stress
all' die schlimme Win - ter - zeit

For man - y a day will then be
ist wie - der - um vor - bei für

o - ver.
lan - ge,

Now hearts a - bout one ev 'ry - where With sud - den
und auch das Herz im Bu - sen drin be-ginnt so

ritenuto ad lib.

vim be - gin to quiv - er,
un - ge-stüm zu schla-gen,

As if, for-sooth, all hu - man
als wär' nun al - les Weh da -

cresc.

f riten. colla voce

care -
hin -

With win - ter days were gone for ev - er!
für im - mer mit den Win - ter - ta - gen!

'Tis hope that
Wie Al - les

a tempo

makes all hearts so— gay: "Tis Spring," on ev—ry face is
 sich der Hoff - nung freut: „sist Früh - ling!" steht in je - dem

p a tempo

writ - ten, And e - ven those are glad to - day,
 Bli - cke; ja, der selbst fühlt sich glück-lich heut', Whom
 dem -

mp

fate with naught but grief has smit - ten. We all de - light in Spring, O
 Leid ver - liehn nur vom Ge - schi - cke. Doch wie den Lenz auch Je - der

mf cresc.

bliss! But birds' and chil-dren's mer - ry— voic - es
 preist,— im Vo - gel-zwitschern, Kin - der - la - chen

Show plain e - nough
 zeigt deut-lich sich,

mp cresc.

just who it is, That Na - ture's wak-ing most re - joic - es,
wem doch zu-meist will - kom - men der Na - tur Er - wa - chen,

Show plain e - nough
zeigt deut - lich sich,

just who it is, That Na - ture's wak-ing most re - joic - - es.
wem doch zu-meist will-kom - men der Na - tur Er - wa - - chen.

At the Ball

Inmitten des Balles

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

German words by
Ferdinand Gumbert

(A. Tolstoi)

P. Tschaikowsky. Op. 38, № 3

Moderato

Musical score for Voice and Piano. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the Voice, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/8 time signature. The first measure contains five measures of rests. The bottom staff is for the Piano, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/8 time signature. The piano part begins with a dynamic of *p*. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords and sustained notes. The vocal part remains silent throughout the first measure.

con tristezza

con tristezza

I know not how love-ly
In-mit-ten des Bal-les,
your face is, ohn' Ab-sicht,
For that, when I um-ge-been von

p

met you by chance, Was hid in the cloud of your lac - es, As you
lär- men-der Welt, sollt' ich dich er - bli - cken, — ein Räth - sel, das

A musical score for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves: a treble staff with a key signature of one flat and a bass staff with a key signature of one flat. The vocal part is in soprano C-clef. The lyrics are in German. Measure 11 starts with a piano dynamic of 'poco cresc.' followed by eighth-note chords. Measures 12-16 show a repeating pattern of eighth-note chords in the piano's bass line, with the vocal line continuing its melodic line.

sped thro' the whirl of the dance.
plötz-lich ge - fes - selt mich hält.

Yet spite of your flut - ter
Nur schien mir dein Au - ge

and fleet - ness, Your beau - ti - ful eyes I di - vined; One
so trau - rig, die Stim - me so weh - mü - thig schwer, wie

poco cresc.

son - or - ous note full of sweet - ness Your voice in my
Ton der Schal - mei - e, so fer - ne, wie Plät-schern der

poco più f

heart left be - hind.
Wel - len im Meer.

Your fig - ure was grace - ful and charm - ing
So schwär-me - risch war mir dein We - sen,

cresc.

And gra - cious your air, yet a - part,
hold schwe-bend die schlan-ke Ge - stalt,

Your laugh - ter so
dein La - chen so

frank and dis - arm - ing It al - ways will ring in my heart.
hell und so selt - sam ist nicht mehr im Her - zen ver - hallt!

At night, when I sit a - lone, wear - y, There will in the
In nächt - li - chen Stun - den dann, ein - sam, leg' ich mich er -

espress.

dark-ness ap - pear Two beau - ti - ful eyes that smile kind - ly,
mü - det zur Ruh', dann seh' ich und hö - re dich e - wig,
und

Poco meno mosso

sweet-est of voic-es I hear.
vor mir wie da-mals steh'st du.

And oft thro' my slum-bers
Und sink' ich vor Mat-tig-keit

your im-age Like some fleet-ing vi-sion will move:
dann in Schlum-mer, wie quä-len die Traum-bil-der mich-

Can this then be love, dear, I won-der?
Ich weiss es nicht, was mir ge-sche-hen,

Ah yes, I sup-pose it is
ich glau-be gar: ich lie-be

Tempo I

love!
dich!

A Legend

Légende

(Poem by Pleshtchéyeff
after an English original)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman
French words by
Paul Collin

P. Tschaikowsky, Op. 54, N° 5

From the cycle, "Songs for Young People"

Moderato

Voice

Piano

Moderato

Child Je - sus in his gar - den
L'en - fant Jé - sus dans son jar -

fair din Some sweet red ros - es once had grown,
din A vait plan té de bel - les roses.

He tend - ed them with lov - ing care,
 Il les soi - gnait a - vec a - mour,
 Think - ing to
 You - lant s'en

make him - self a crown. A - las, some chil - dren
 faire u - ne cou - ron - ne. Mais des en - fants du

from the - vil - lage, Who one fine morn - ing came that
 voi - si - na - ge É - tant ve - nus un beau ma -

way, Did Je - sus' ros - es put to pil - lage,
 tin, Ont mis les ro - ses au pil - la - ge

And all the gar - den dis - ar - ray.
Et dé - vas - té tout le jar - din.

"How now shall your poor
«Pau - vre cou - ron - ne, com -

crown be made? They have not left a flow'r for you!"
ment la fai - re? Les beaux ro - siers n'ont plus de fleurs!"

"The thorns are left," Child Je - sus said,
"Mais les é - pi - nes sont res - té - es, _____ ré - pond Jé - sus, ce -

they will do."
la suf - fit."

So of the thorns a crown he
Puis, en cou - ron - ne les tres -

wove, And on his head he put the crown.
 sant, Sur ses che - veux il la po - sa.

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

Lo, drops of blood, his brow a - bove, More red than
 Gout - tes de sang, au lieu de ro - ses, Sou - dain bril -

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

ros - - es burned
 lè - - rent sur

and shone.
 son front!

dim.

Duet

From the opera "Pique-Dame"

(1890)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

P. Tschaikowsky

Andantino mosso

Piano {

Lisa

Polina

'Tis eve - ning,

'Tis eve - ning,

and the hues that made the clouds so bright Now

and the hues that made the clouds so bright Now

swift - ly fade, for now the sun's last rays are dy - - - ing,
 swift - ly fade, for now the sun's last rays are dy - - - ing,

p

One pale grey cloud - rift lies a -
 One pale grey cloud - rift lies a -

cross the sun-set light, Like streaks of foam up - on some
 cross the sun-set light, Like streaks of foam up - on some

mf

dis - tant o - cean ly - - - ing.
 dis - tant o - cean ly - - - ing.

p

All morn - ing
 All morn - ing

has the air been warm with threatning storm, But now a cool - er
 has the air been warm with threatning storm, But now a cool - er

p

breeze is blow-ing from the moun - tain, And thro' the win-dow
 breeze is blow-ing from the moun - tain, And thro' the win-dow

blows the per - fume of the rose, And soft is heard
 blows the per - fume of the rose, And soft is heard

the gen-tle splash - ing of the foun - - - tain.
 the gen-tle splash - ing of the foun - - - tain.

f

mf

f

How
How

peace - ful lies the vale since all the clouds are fled! No

peace - ful lies the vale since all the clouds are fled! No

sound dis-turbs the si-lence of the wood or thick - - et,

sound dis-turbs the si-lence of the wood or thick - - et,

p

No nest - - - ling from its bed need

No nest - - - ling from its bed need

raise its star-tled head, And in the grass a - lone is

raise its star-tled head, And in the grass a - lone is

heard the chirp of crick - - - et.

heard the chirp of crick - - - et.

Evening Le Soir

English version by
Kurt Schindler
French words by
Paul Collin

(L. Mey, after the Little-Russian
of Shevtchénko)

P. Tschaikowsky. Op. 27, No. 4
(1875)

Moderato assai

Voice

The light of day is slow - ly fad - ing,
Du jour dé - cli - ne la lu - miè - re,

8

The peas - ant leaves the stub - born plough,
Le la - bou - reur quit - te les champs

poco più *f*

And homeward turns with wear - y brow.
Et chez lui re - vient à pas lents.

While in the
En lat - ten -

low - ly cot-tage wait - ing,
dant, à la chau-miè - re,

His wife pre - pares the sup - per now.
La fem - me ne perd pas son temps.

p

p

A-round the board
Pour le sou - per

deck'd out so
de la fa -

pp

p

neat - ly The house - hold ga - ther in the hall;
mil - le, Dé - já, la table est tou-te prê - - te;

The come-ly daugh - ter waits on all,
La jeu - ne fil - le va ser - vir.

And while the stars are peer-ing sweet-ly, The night-in - gale pours forth his call.
Et la pre-mière é - toi - le bril - le; Le ros-si - gnol chante a ra-vir!...

Then, o'er the mead-ows per-fume-la - den,
Puis, dans la cam-pa - gne mu - et - te,

No sound is heard, how-e'er so slight,
On nien - tend plus le moin - dre bruit;

And all is si - lent, all is qui-et... Save the night-in -
 Tout fait si - lence et tout s'en - dort... Seuls le ros - si -

gale - he and the maid - en,
 gnol et la fil - let - te

They still are sing-ing in the night!
 Chan-tent en - co - re dans la nuit!

The Canary

Le Canari

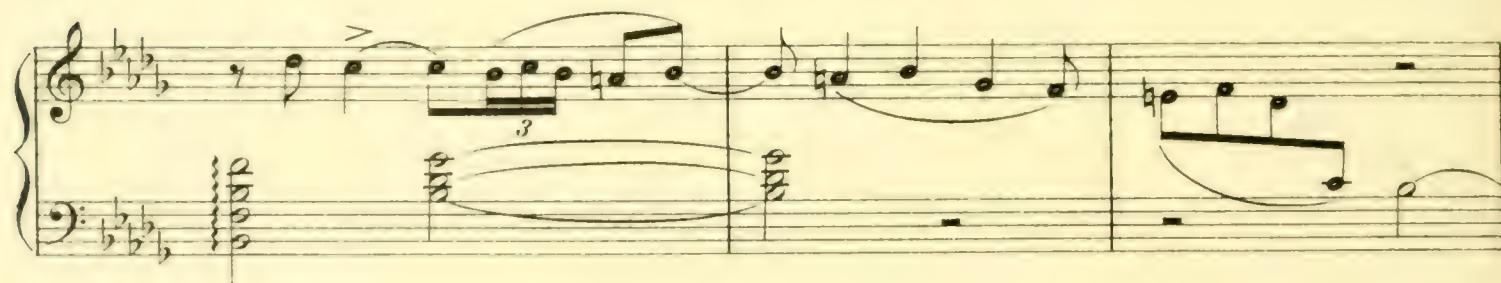
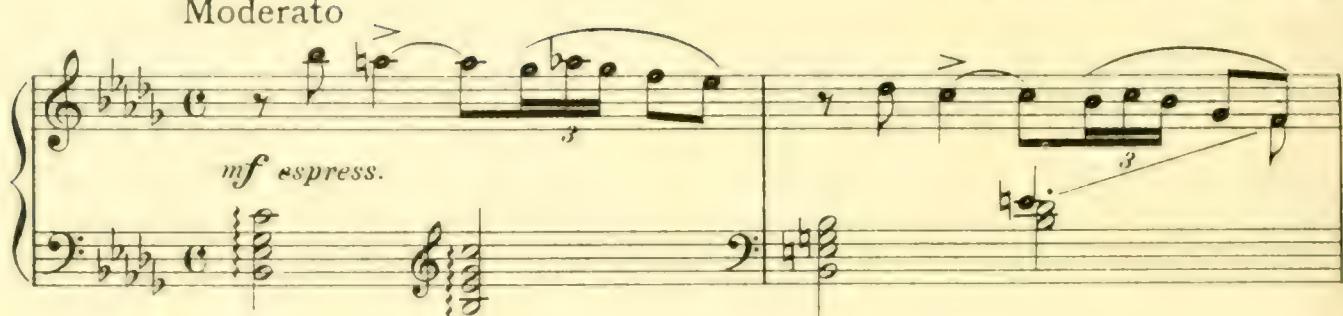
(L. Mey)

English version by
Henry G. ChapmanFrench words by
Paul Collin

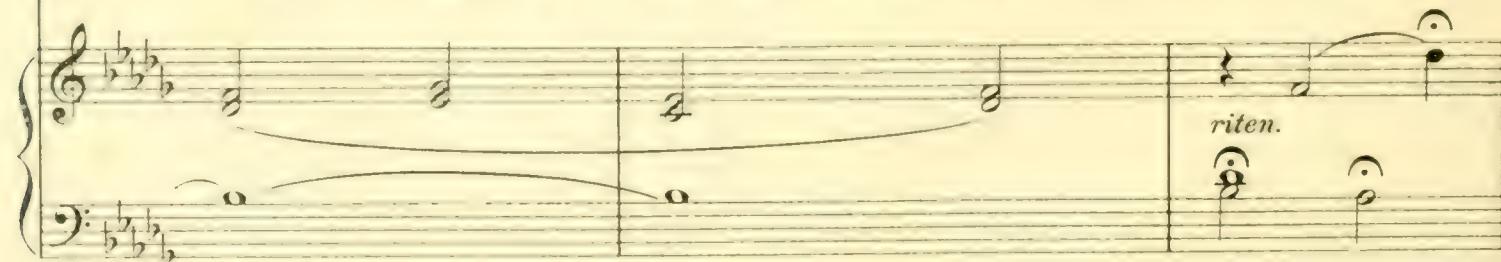
P. Tschaikowsky. Op. 25, N° 4

Moderato

Piano

*semplice*

Thus Zu - lei - ka spoke to her ca - na - ry:
Zu - lei - ka di - sait au ca - na - ri:

riten.

"Pret - ty bird, your wings why do you flut - ter? Soft the air, and
 "Bel oi - seau, n'a - gi - te pas tes ai - les; L'air est pur sur

p a tempo

peace lies all a - bout you, Where - fore then pre - fer the air - y spac - es?
 ces cal - mes ri - va - ges; A quoi bon vou - loir fran - chir l'es - pa - ce?

Keep with - in your cage, and
 Res - te dans ta ca - ge

grazioso

I will care for you; Stay, and war - ble me the
 par mes soins or - né - e Et ga - zouil - le - moi tes



p

songs you sang so sweet - ly." And the bird re - plied to his sul - ta - na:
 chan-sons les plus dou - ces.» Et l'oi-seau ré - pond à la sul - ta - ne:

"Ah! I pray you, do not mock my sad - ness,
 "Ah! n'in - sul - te pas à ma tristes - se,

For I fly no more, no more I sing now; How, a-mong the har - em's
 Je ne vo - le plus ni plus ne chan - te; Ton ha-rem a des é -

mourn - ful - ech - oes, How can I re - peat my
 chos - trop - som - bres Pour re - di - re mes chan -

22724

f

joy - ous - car - ols?
sons joy - eu - ses.

O - da-lisks in
L'o - da-lisque y
in - do - lence may dwell here,
vit dans l'in - do - len - ce,

Nor re - gret the free-dom that they for - feit,
Sans pleu - rer sa li - ber - té per - du - e,

But a bird, more
Mais l'oi-seau, plus

proud, less vain, less thought-less, Can - not sing when he is - made a slave!"
fier et moins fri - vo - le, Pour chan - ter ne veut pas être es - cla - ve!"



Little Snowflake's Arietta*

From the fairy opera "Snegourotchka" (Act I)

(after A. Ostróvsky)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakow

Voice Adagio (♩ = 92)

Ah! how it hurts! and oh, how sad my

Piano *pp* *cresc.*

heart is, for heavy as a mountain lies upon it this

mf dim.

poor dear flower Leh! so lightly threw away!

* The original is one tone higher, in G minor.

*dolce**rit.*

Now off to oth-er maidens has he run,

Whose laughter and whose lips are warmer than

*pp**rit.**a tempo, espressivo*

mine! Ah, here am I in tears, and oh, so lone - ly! for Lehl he has

*a tempo**cresc.**mf**dim.**dolce*

scorned me and left me a - lone! Ah, dear-est Lehl, I let you go where love

p

is; yes, go to those who will know how to love you! But why must I be al-wayssad-

*pp**p*

at heart and always cold and icy in my passion? O Father Win-ter, thou hast done me

rit.

a tempo

p

wrong! Dear Mother Spring, be kind and send to me one ti - - ny spark of

a tempo

pp

rit.

burn - ing heat and flame at which to melt this fro - - zen heart of

tr

p

mine!

dim.

tr

22724 *pp*

Hebrew Love-Song

Chanson hébraïque

(L. Mey)

English version by
Henry G. ChapmanFrench words by
J. Sergennois

N. Rimsky - Korsakow. Op. 7

(1867)

Adagio ($\text{♩} = 60$)

Voice

Piano

p

I
Je

P a piacere

sleep; my heart at break of day can nev - er sleep:
dors; mon cœur, au point du jour, ja - mais ne dort...

At my thresh - old waits my love, and calls to me:
A ma por - te mon ai mé m'ap - pel le et dit:

pp a tempo

O - pen, my dear one, rise for him who lov - eth thee!
 Ou - vre, mi - gnon - ne, lè - ve - toi pour ton a - mi!

Morn - ing breaks; the moun - tain-peaks are all a - glow;
 L'au - be crois - san - te sur_ les monts rou - git dé - jà;

From the grass - es, from the moss - y trees,
 Aux brins d'her - be, sur_ les trones mous-sus,

Drops of dew like pearls are hang - ing, And their tears
 Pend en per - les la ro - sé - e, Et ses pleurs

*poco rit.**a tempo**poco rit.**a tempo**p*

3

3

poco string.

p

dewed my ra - ven locks. Shad-ows of night - now
lé mes noirs - che - veux. L'om-bre noe - tur - ne

3

poco string.

pp

cresc.

3

riten.

pp

has-ten to westward a-way; O - pen thy
rou-le vers le couchant... Ou - vre ta'

3

riten.

p

door and come, O fair - est love!
por - te, viens, ó ma_ beau-té!

3

pp

ppp

On the Georgian Hills

Sur les Collines de Géorgie

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

French words by
J. Sergenois

(A. S. Pushkin)

N. Rimsky-Korsakow, Op. 3, No 4
(1866)

Moderato ($\text{♩} = 80$)

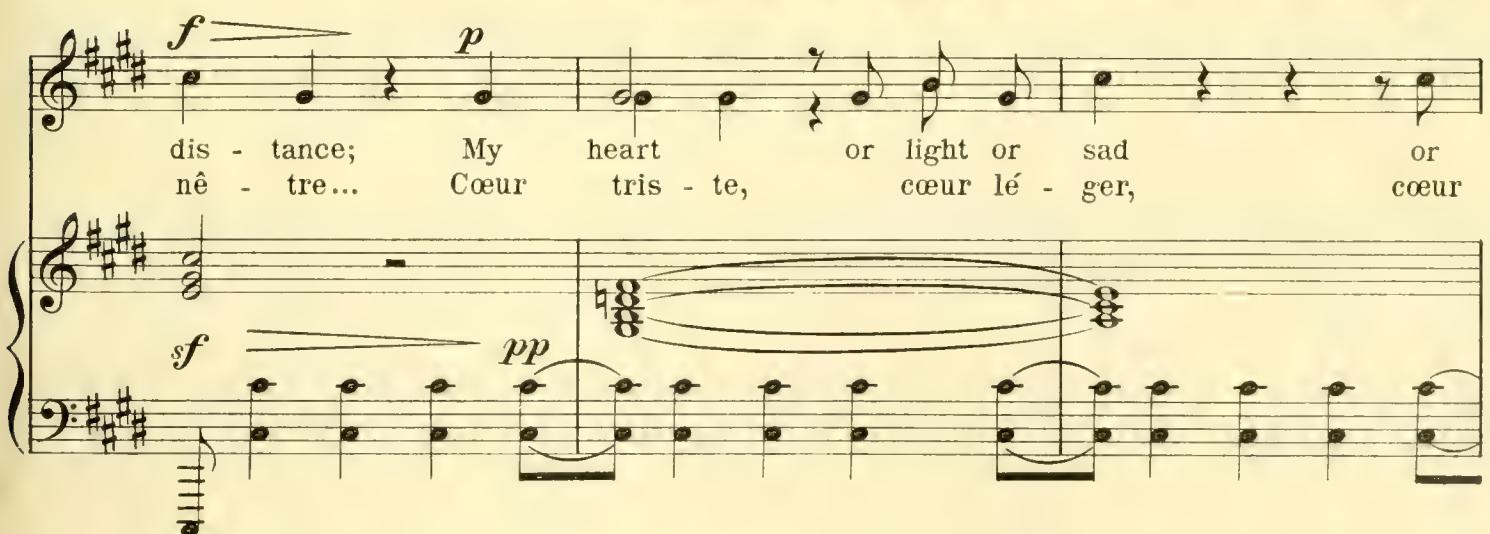
p



The mists are hang-ing low a - bove the Geor-gian
La bru - me pla - ne sur les monts de l'É - ri -



hills,
van; The yel - low Ar is roar - - - ing in the
L'A-ras mu - git sous ma fe -



dis - tance; My heart or light or sad or
nê - tre... Cœur tris - te, cœur lé - ger, cœur

dull'd, since hope is gone-
mor - ne et sans tour - ment,

Still finds in thee its whole ex -
Je vis en toi, c'est tout mon

l.h.

is - tence, In thee, and thee a - lone.
ê - tre... Qui, toi... toi, rien que toi...

Poco meno mosso

In my de - spon - den - cy
En mon a - bat - te - ment

I feel no pain, nor would re - provè thee;
Au - cune, au - cune an - gois - se ex - trê - me.

If e'er a -
Si de nou -

poco string.
f

p

p

gain my heart should wake to life in me, — 'Tis that to live it needs must
veau mon coeur é - prou - ve quel-que é - moi, — C'est que pour vi - vre il faut qu'il

riten.

p Tempo I

riten.

p

love thee.
ai - me.

pp

morendo

Song of the Shepherd Lehl*

From the fairy opera "Snégourotchka"

(after A. Ostrovsky)

English version by
Henry G. ChapmanAllegretto giocoso ($\text{♩} = 108$)

Lehl playing the shawm ('rozhók')

Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakow

Piano



Lehl Più lento, maestoso

To the thun-der call'd the fly - ing cloud, Rum-ble, grum-ble, while I



poco riten.

Tempo I

scat - ter my rain, Spring-time show'r's shall re - fresh the plain, Hap-py

colla parte

pp

flow'rs once more to life—shall spring, All the girls will go a - ber - ry - ing, All the

poco riten.

a tempo

lads will fol-low in their train: Lehl, my Lehl, my love, my love, my Lehl! (he plays)

poco riten.

a tempo

p

Più lento

Thro' the

woods the girls a - mong the — trees Far and wide are pick-ing

poco rit.

straw - ber - ries, Dells and glades with songs and laugh - ter re -

poco rit.

Tempo I

sound. All at once one maid-en can't be found; All the

pp

oth - ers, weep-ing sad - ly, cry, "She's been eat - en by some

p

poco riten.

wolf— near— by!" O my Lehl,— my— love, my love, my

a tempo

poco riten.

a tempo

Lehl! (he plays)

p

Più lento

To the maid - ens, still in an - guish and tears, Lo, a wild, a-ged stran-ger ap -

pears; Sil - ly maid - ens, have ye lost your wits? quoth he, Why stand

poco rit.
colla parte
pp

weep - ing here so fool - - ish - ly? Weep-ing, call - ing her, will

do _____ no good, Bet - ter look a bit a - bout_ the_

tr.

riten. assai *a tempo*

wood! Leh!, my Leh!, my love, my love, my Leh!

riten. assai *a tempo* *p*

(he plays)

A Southern Night

Nuit méridionale

(N. Stchérbine)

English version by
Henry G. ChapmanFrench words by
J. Sergennois

N. Rimsky-Kórsakow. Op. 3, No. 2

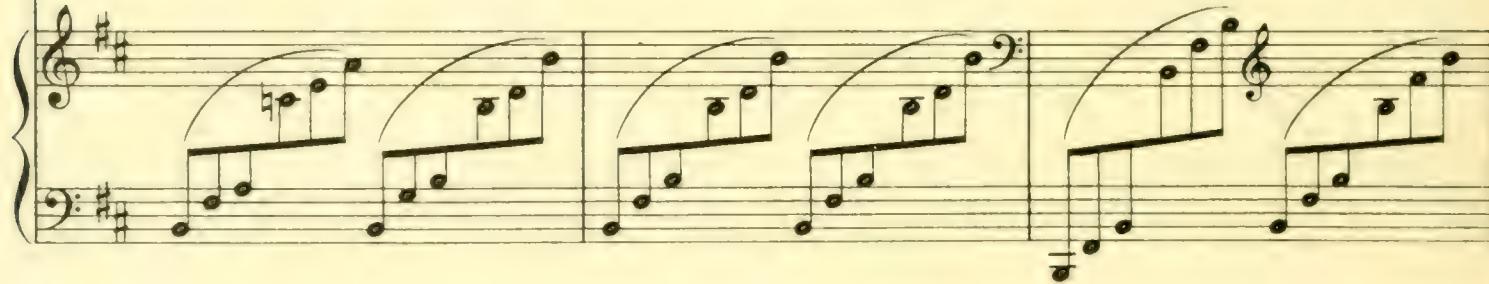
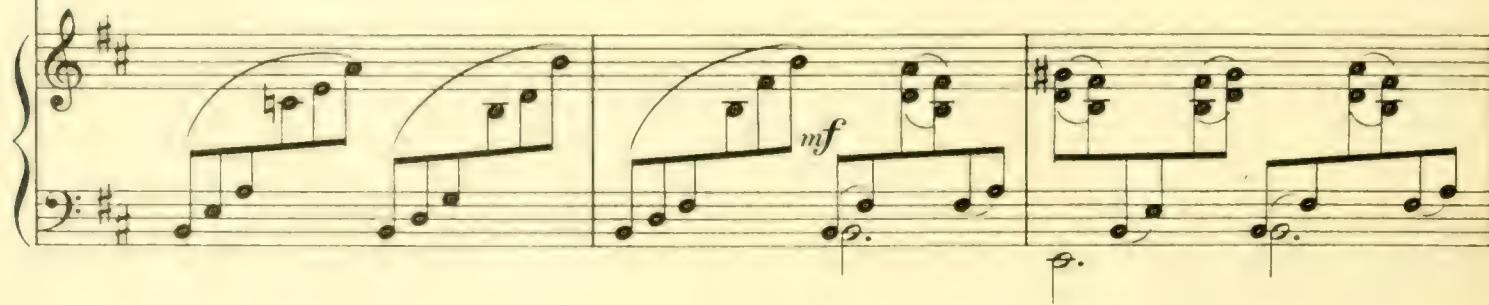
(1866)

Allegro ($\text{d.} = 72$)

Voice

O'er yon mountain-ous height
Dans les cieux val-lon-nés

Piano

Rides the Queen of the Night,
Bril - le l'as-tre changeant;And the
L'o - li -ol - ive in sil - ver is drest;
vier s'en - lu - mi - ne d'ar - gent;And the sea as it heaves To the
Dans leur flux obs - ti - né, Cou-rent,

swell of the waves Is a - flame with the gems on its breast.
 mon-tent les flots Pail - le - tés de leurs ri - ches gre - lots.

Piano accompaniment (bass line):
 Dynamics: f, cresc., f, dim., pp

Ah, mi - ra - cu - lous nights! Ah, mys -
 Ces pro - di - ges des nuits, Ce mys -

Piano accompaniment (bass line):
 Dynamics: p

te - ri - ous lights! All my blood, all my heart is a - fire; I have
 tè - re et ces feux, Tout en - flamme mon sang et mon cœur; Les flam-

Piano accompaniment (bass line):
 Dynamics: mf, cresc.

f

ga - thered thee flow'r's For our flame - light - ed bow'r's; Tar - ry
 beaux sont bril - lants, J'ai cueil - li quel - ques fleurs, Hâ - te -

ritard.

not, O my Love, my De - sire! Tar - ry
 toi vers mes bras a - mou - reux! Hâ - te -

ritard.

not, O my Love, my De - sire!
 toi vers mes bras a - mou - reux!

a tempo

dim.

pp

p

Soon the night will be o'er,
 Cet - te nuit va pas - ser,

p

And the waves call no more
Et la va - gue se tait
'Neath the pas - sion-less eye of the
Sous les yeux im - pas - si - bles du

sun;
jour,

And I feel how a chill All my bo - som doth
Et le froid vient d'en - trer En mon sein in - qui -

mf

fill:
et... Wilt thou guess how I love thee a - lone?
Sau - ras - tu de - vi - ner mon a - mour? .

Air

"Sylvan Roundelay"

From the fairy opera "Snegourotchka" (Prologue)
(after A. Ostróvsky)English version by
Henry G. ChapmanNicolas Rimsky-Korsakow
(1880)

Allegretto capriccioso

Piano

Little Snowflake

poco riten.

a tempo

a piacere scherzando

a tempo

poco riten.

For to dance the mer-ry round, and one of them, With the cho-rus led by

a tempo *a piacere allargando* *a tempo*

shep-herd Lehl to fol-low: Hi, ————— La-do Lehl!

Poco animato *p*

'Tis this your daugh-ter would pre -

mf dimin. *pp*

fer, Or life is lit - tle worth to her.

Recit.

mf

Ah, let me go! When you re - turn with win - ter

spp

to re - side, With - in these gloom-y woods, at

Adagio (♩ = 50)

e - ven - tide, I'll sing to you,

pp

Sing you a song the while the storm-winds pipe and play,

poco riten.

Poco più animato
a tempo

Sing a— song— that's blythe— and gay,

Lehl shall teach me sing the song,

string.

a piacere

To learn it will not take me long.

p dim.

Oh,— my— fa — ther!

Allegretto capriccioso

ritenuto assai

p

For to go and ga-ther ber-ries in the woods,
For to an-swer oth-er
p capriccioso *colla parte*

Tempo I

a piacere scherzando

maids with joy-ful hal-lo!
Hal - lo, hal -
p *p*

*a tempo**p*

For to dance the mer-ry round, and one of them,

pp *sf*

With the cho-rus led by shep-herd Lehl to fol-low:

Tempo I

ritenuto assai *ritenuto assai* *p*

a piacere allargando

Hi, _____ La - do_ Leh!_

*a tempo**colla parte**a tempo**Poco animato*

'Tis this your daugh-ter would pre - fer, Or_ life_ is_ lit - tle worth to_

poco string.

her,

Vivo

or_ life is_ lit - tle -

poco cresc.

worth to_ her, oh fa - - - ther!

*p**f*²

The Little Fish's Song

Fischleins Lied

(From Lermontoff's poem "Mtziri")

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

German words by L. Esbeer

A. Arensky. Op. 27, N° 1
(1901)

Allegretto

Voice

Piano

Ah, stay... with...
O, bleib'... bei...
me,... My love... ly boy,... ah,...
mir,... mein hol... der Kna... be...
stay! The wa... ter...
du! Es lebt sich

life is fresh and free; 'Tis
frei im Was - ser hier; so

cool here, stay and play.
 kühl ist's, so voll Ruh'.

Musical score page 10, measures 11-12. The score consists of three staves. The top staff uses a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The middle staff uses a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff uses a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. Measure 11 starts with a dotted half note followed by a whole note, a half note, and two quarter notes. Measure 12 begins with a sixteenth-note pattern (two groups of four) with grace marks (>) above them. This is followed by a eighth-note pattern (two groups of four) with grace marks (>) above them. The dynamic "dim." is indicated between the two patterns. The bass staff at the bottom shows sustained notes with grace marks (>) above them.

mf

I'll call my sis - ters here and we
Die Schwe - stern ru - fe ich her - bei,
Will wir

mf

whirl and dance for thee,
schwin - gen uns im Tanz,

mf

Till freed thy wear - - y spir - - it be,
bis dei - ne mü - - de See - - le frei,
And dein

rit. *a tempo*

bright once more thy glance.
Au - - ge vol - - ler Glanz.

rit. *p* *tempo* *3* *dim.*

p

O stay _____ with
O blei - - - be

cresc.

me! hier, My du
hier, hol - - - der

boy, ah, stay,
Kna - - be mein!

pp

Rest Ruh'

here, so soft shall be thy bed,
aus, dein Pfühl ist ja so weich,
So die

light thy cov - er - let,
De cke licht und klar; In sweet - est
die schnell flieht

dreams wilt thou for get How fast the
Zeit in mei nem Reich, du träumst, wirst's

time nicht has sped.
nicht ge - wahr.

P >

Dear lad,
O, trau - I will
ter Schatz,

pp 6 6

con - - - fess to thee, I
ich hehl' es nicht, ich

love thee e - - - - ven
lie be dich so

so. As
sehr wie

mf

dim.

these wide wa - - - - - ters that on
mei - nes Le - - - - - bens Freud' und

mf

me Licht,

dim.

ten.

My mein light frei - - - es and life Wel - - - - - be - len -

pp

pp

stow. meer. Oh Mein

mf

love - - - - ly boy! _____ Oh
trau - - - - ter Schatz, _____ mein

cresc.

dear - - - - est lad! _____ Ah,
trau - - - - ter Schatz, _____ o

cresc.

stay, ah, stay with me!
blei - be hier bei mir!

mf

dimin.

The Nereid

(A. Pushkin)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Alex. Glazunoff. Op. 80, № 3

Andante ($\text{♩} = 72\text{--}80$)

Voice

Piano

On lone - ly Tau - ris'

shore at ros - y dawn a - stray - - ing, In

o - cean's wa - ters green I saw a Ne - reid

play - - ing. In shel-t'ring reeds un-seen

I let my vi - sion roam. From em - 'rald

depths i - ri - des - cent surg - ing Rose the

snow - white bo - som of the god - dess, swan - like e -
 merg - - - ing, As from her stream - ing hair
 — she wrung the pearl - y foam.

Before My Window

(G. Galina)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Sergei Rachmaninoff. Op. 26, No. 10

Lento ($\text{♩} = 50$) *cantabile*

Voice

Be - fore my win - dow blows a scent-ed al - der -

tree, Who wears with se - rious grace his fes-tal robe of flow - ers;

Some perfumed branch-es now he low-ers, He's greet - ing, call - ing

la melodia ben

me. And as the scent from frail and trem-bling blos-soms

flies, I catch the in - cense sweet so glad - ly heav'n - ward

soar - ing, I feel a fra - grant breath my sens - es o - ver -

* The higher notes are optional.

Led.

pow'r - ing, I hear a song of love,

p
ten.

— that needs no words, a - rise. —

dim.
p

Ped.

*

Lilacs

(Kath. Beketoff)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Sergei Rachmaninoff. Op. 21, No. 5

Voice Allegretto

Piano

sempre tranquillo

Morning skies are a-glow
Mor-gen - rot schon er-glüht,

p

un poco ten.

While the li-lac-trees blow,
und der Flie-der-busch blüht,
mf cantabile

And I breathe of the fresh morning
und ich at-me so frisch Morgen -

wind;
wind;

By the shad-ow-y pool,
nach dem schatt'gen Ge-büscht,

p

mf

Where it's dew-y and cool,
das von Tau-trop-fen frisch,

I must see if my for-tune'll
schau' ich, ob dort mein Glück ich nicht

find.
find:

Ah, of luck there's scant dole, _____ Yet it's ev'-ry-one's
Ja, des Glücks gib'ts nicht viel, _____ und doch ist's al-ler

round
Grün Cluster'd li - laes are found, And my own lit-tle for - tune, as
 li - la Trauben er - blühn, und mein ar-mes Glückblü - het da

Musical score page 10, measures 11-12. The score consists of three staves. The top staff (treble clef) has dynamic markings *pp*, *well....*, and *auch....*. The middle staff (treble clef) shows a rhythmic pattern of eighth-note pairs followed by a measure of eighth-note pairs, with dynamics *dim.*, *m.d.*, and *pp*. The bottom staff (bass clef) shows sustained notes with dynamics *d*, *m.d.*, *m.d.*, *ad.*, and *ad.*.

Morning

(M. L. Janoff)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Sergei Rachmaninoff. Op. 4, No. 2
(1899)

Moderato

Voice

"I love thee, dear!" said

Piano

Morn-ing to the Day, And with him in her arms grew

ros - y in con - fu - sion; The

3 cresc. 3 3 f p
 sun lit up the world with am - 'rous ray, And

3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3
 cresc.

with her burn - ing kiss - es smiled and took pos - ses - sion.

3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3
 pp

pp

The Day,

f mf pp
 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3
 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

pp
 as tho' he still at heart mis - trust - ed The truth of

3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3
 ppp

aught the dream-y Morn might do or say,

Dropped swift-ly

down to earth, and with a smile he dust-ed Au -

ro - ra's my-riad wealth of dia - mond tears a - way.

rit.

The page contains three staves of musical notation. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It features a vocal line with lyrics and piano chords. The middle staff is for the piano, showing a series of chords. The bottom staff is also for the piano, showing a bass line. The score includes various dynamics such as *p*, *mf*, *pp*, and *ritard.*, and performance instructions like *a tempo*. The page number 231 is at the top right, and the page number 22724 is at the bottom left.

“How sweet the place!”

(G. Galina)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Sergei Rachmaninoff
Op. 21, No. 7

Moderato

p dolce ed espressivo

Voice How sweet the place! Far dis -

Piano *pp*

- tant gleams The riv - er in the sun; The grass - y

mead - ows at my feet With flow'rs are o - ver -

run. *p*
 No one is

mf

mf la melodia ben marc.

near but God and I, The dis - tant,
 2
 2
 2

un poco ten.
 peace - - - ful stream, This
 2
 2
 2

lone - - - ly pine, the host of flow'r's, And

pp *ten.*

thou, my love - ly dream!

pp

mf

p

p

p *mf*

p

"O thou billowy harvest-field!"

(A. Tolstoi)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Sergei Rachmaninoff. Op. 4, No. 5
(1893)

Lento

Voice

Piano

mf
O thou bil-low-y

har-vest-field of grain! Nev-er may'st thou be mown at a sin-gle swath,



mf

un poco cresc.

Ah, ye thoughts and ye dreams so fraught with care!

p

un poco cresc.

f

Who can gar - ner you in heart or mind!

mf

ritard.

Who can grasp you or bind you up in words!

ritard.

O - ver thee, O — field, _____ hur - ried a

driv - ing storm, Down it bent all thy har-vest of

mf

p

pp

ppp

ff

f

mf

grain to earth, All thy ri - pen'd seed it flung a-broad!
f
 Ah, how wide - ly were ye scat - tered,
p *cresc.*
 O my— dreams! Yet wher - e'er
ff
 — one a - mong you has fall'n to earth,

mf

There have sprung from the soil weeds of mis - er - y, There has flourished the

mf

bit - ter - est heart's dis-tress! Ah!

Con moto

Ah!

mf *p* *con moto*

rit. *pp*



